

Arabian Nights
ENTERTAINMENTS:
Consisting of
ONE THOUSAND and ONE
STORIES,
TOLD BY

The Sultaneſs of the *Indies*, to divert the Sultan from the Execution of a bloody Vow he had made to marry a Lady every Day, and have her cut off next Morning, to avenge himſelf for the Diſloyalty of his firſt Sultaneſs, &c.

CONTAINING,

A better Account of the Customs, Manners and Religion of the Eastern Nations, viz. *Tartars, Persians and Indians*, than is to be met with in any Author hitherto publiſh'd.

Translated into *French* from the *Arabian MSS*, by M. GALLAND, of the Royal Academy; and now done into *English* from the laſt *Paris* Edition.

SEVENTH EDITION.

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D U B L I N :

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Approbation.

I Have read by order of my Lord
Chancellor, this Manuscript, and
find nothing in it, that should hinder
its being Printed.

P A R I S,
October 4th, 1706.

Signed

F O N T E N E L L E.



Advertisement.

THE Readers of the two first Volumes of these Tales, were tir'd with the Interruption Dinarzade gave them: This defect was remedy'd in the succeeding ones; and 'tis not doubted, but they will be yet further satisfy'd with this that follows, where they will meet with no more Interruptions at the End of every Night. 'Tis sufficient to know the Arabian Author's design, who first made this Collection.

There are of these Arabian Tales, where neither Scheherazade, Sultan Schahriar, Dinarzade, nor any distinction by Nights, is mention'd; which shews, that all the Arabians have not approv'd the Method which

this Author has us'd, and that a great Number of them have been fatigu'd with these Repetitions. Care has been taken to reform this in the following Translation: But without mentioning any other Reasons, there were so many, and so great Difficulties found in the proceeding in that Way, that, we were, in a manner, oblig'd to alter our Method.

The Reader must therefore be acquainted, that Scheherazade goes now on always, without being interrupted.

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ARABIAN NIGHTS

ENTERTAINMENTS.

V O L. VII.

The Story of Noureddin and the Fair Persian.



BALSORA was for many Years the Capital of a Kingdom, tributary to the Califfs of *Arabia*. The King who govern'd it in the Days of the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, was nam'd *Zinebi*. They were both Cousins, the Sons of two Brothers. *Zinebi* not thinking it proper to commit the Administration of his Affairs to one single Vizier, made choice of two, *Khacan* and *Saouy*.

Khacan was of a sweet, generous, and affable Temper, and took a wonderful Pride in obliging those with whom

he had any Concern, to the utmost of his Power, without the least Hindrance or Prejudice to Justice, when ever it was demanded of him: So that he was universally respected, both at Court, in the City, and throughout the whole Kingdom; and every body's Mouth was full of the Praises he so high'y deserv'd.

Saony was of a quite different Character; he was always fullen and morose, and treated every Body after a disrespectful Manner, without any Regard to their Rank or Quality; instead of making himself belov'd and admir'd for his Riches, he was so perfect a Miser, as to deny himself the Necessaries of Life. In short, no Body could endure him: And if ever any Thing was said of him, to be sure, 'twas something of ill: But what increas'd the Peoples Hatred against him the more, was his implacable Aversion for *Khacan*; always interpreting in the worst Sense the Actions of that worthy Minister, and endeavouring to do him all the ill Offices imaginable with the King.

One Day after Council, the King of *Dalora* diverted himself with his two Vizier's, and some other Members of the Council: They fell into Discourse about the Women Slaves, that with us are daily bought and sold, and are almost reckon'd in the same Rank with our Wives. Some were of Opinion, that it was enough, if the Slave that one bought, was beautiful and well-shap'd, to make us amends for the Wives, which very often, upon the Account of Alliance, or Interest in Families, we are forc'd to marry, who are not always the greatest Beauties, nor Mistresses of any Perfection, either of Mind or Body.

Others maintain'd, and amongst the rest, *Khacan*, that neither Beauty, nor a thousand other charming Perfections of the Body, were the only Things to be coveted in a Mistress, but they ought to be accompany'd with a great Deal of Wit, Prudence, Modesty and Agreeableness; and, if possible, abundance of Sense and Penetration. The Reason they gave for it, was. That nothing in the World could be more agreeable to Persons, on whom the Management of important Affairs depended, than, after having spent the Day in that fatiguing Employment, to have a Companion in their Retirement, whose Conversation is not only agreeable, but useful and diverting: For, in short, continu'd they, there's but a little Difference between Brutes, and

and those Men who keep a Mistress only to look upon her, and gratify a Passion that we have in common with them.

The King was entirely of their Opinion who spoke last, and he quickly gave some Demonstration of it, by ordering *Khacan* to buy him a Slave, one that was a perfect Beauty, Mistress of all those Qualifications they had just mention'd, and especially very ingenious.

Saouy, jealous of the Honour the King had done *Khacan*, and vex'd at his being of the contrary Opinion, Sir, says he, it will be very difficult to find a Slave so accomplish'd as to answer your Majesty's Demand; and should they light upon such a one (as I scarce believe they will) she will be a cheap Bargain at ten thousand Pieces of Gold. *Saouy*, reply'd the King, I perceive plainly, you think it too great a Sum; it may be so for you, tho' not for me. Then turning to the chief Treasurer he order'd him to send the ten thousand Pieces of Gold to the Vizier's House.

Khacan, as soon as he came home, sent for all the Courtiers that us'd to deal in Women-Slaves, and strictly charg'd them, that if ever they met with a Slave that answered the Description he gave them, they should come and acquaint him with it. The Courtiers, partly to oblige the Vizier, and partly for their own Interest, promis'd to use their utmost Endeavours to find out one to his liking. Accordingly there was scarce a Day past, but they brought him one; yet he always found some Fault or another with them.

One Day, as *Khacan* was getting on Horse-back very early in the Morning, to go to Court, a Courtier came to him, and with a great Deal of Eagerness, catching hold of the Stirrup, told him, there was a *Persian* Merchant arriv'd very late the Day before, who had a Slave to sell, so surprizingly beautiful, that she excell'd all Women that his Eyes had ever beheld: And as for her Parts, and Learning, added he, the Merchant engages, she shall cope with the finest Wits, and the most knowing Persons of the Age.

Khacan, over-joy'd at this News, which made him hope for a favourable Reception at Court, order'd him to bring the Slave to his Palace against his coming back, and so continu'd his Journey.

The Courtier failed not of being at the Vizier's at the appointed Hour; and *Khacan* finding the lovely Slave so much beyond his Expectation, immediately gave her the Name of the *Fair Persian*. As he had an infinite Deal of Wit and Learning, he soon perceiv'd by her Conversation, that 'twas in vain to search any further for a Slave that surpass'd her in any of those Qualifications requir'd by the King, and therefore he ask'd the Courtier at what Rate the *Persian Merchant* valued her?

Sir, reply'd the Courtier, he is a Man of few Words in bargaining, and he tells me, that the very lowest Rate he can part with her at, is ten thousand Pieces of Gold: He has also sworn to me, that without reckoning his Pains and Trouble from the time of his first taking Care of her, he has laid out pretty near the Sum upon her Education, in Masters to instruct and teach her, besides Cloaths and Maintenance; and as he always thought her fit for a King, so from her very Infancy, in which he bought her, he has not been sparing in any thing that might contribute towards advancing her to that high Honour. She plays upon all sorts of Instruments to Perfection, she dances, sings, writes better than the most celebrated Authors, understands Poetry, and in short, there is scarce any Book but what she has read, so that there never was a Slave of so vast a Capacity heard of before.

The Vizier *Khacan*, who understood the Merit of the fair *Persian* better than the Courtier, that only reported what he had heard from the Merchant, was unwilling to drive off the Bargain to another time; and therefore he sent one of his Servants to look after the Merchant, where the Courtier told him he was to be found.

As soon as the *Persian Merchant* came, 'tis not for my self, but the King, says the Vizier *Khacan*, that I buy your Slave; but however you must let him have her at a more reasonable Price than what you have already set upon her.

Sir, reply'd the Merchant, I should do my self an unspeakable Honour, in offering her as a Present to his Majesty, were I able to make him one of so inestimable a Value. I barely ask no more than what her Education and Breeding up has cost me; And all I have to say, is,
that

that I believe, his Majesty will be extremely pleas'd with the Purchase.

The Vizier *Khasan* would stand no longer bargaining with the Merchant; but paid him the Money down immediately. Sir, says he to the Vizier, upon taking Leave of him, since the Slave is design'd for the King's Use, give me Leave to tell you, that being extremely fatigu'd with our long Journey together, you see her at a great Disadvantage; and tho' she has not her Equal in the World for Beauty, yet if you please to keep her at your own House but for a Fortnight, and strive a little to please and humour her, she will appear quite another Creature; after that you may present her to the King with abundance of Honour and Credit; for which, I doubt not, but you will think your self much oblig'd to me. The Sun, you see, has a little tarnish'd her Complexion; but after two or three times bathing, and when you have dress'd her according to the Fashion of your Country, she will appear to your Eyes infinitely more charming than now.

Khasan was mightily pleas'd with the Advice the Merchant gave him, and was resolv'd to follow it; accordingly the Fair *Persian* was lodg'd in a particular Apartment near his Lady's, whom he desir'd to invite her to an Entertainment, and henceforth to treat her as a Mistress design'd for the King: He also entreated his Lady to get the richest Cloaths for her that could possibly be had, and especially those that became her the best. Before he took his Leave of the Fair *Persian*, Your Happiness, Madam, says he, cannot be greater than what I am about to procure for you, since 'tis for the King himself I have bought you, and I hope he will be better pleas'd with the Enjoyment of you, than I am in discharging the Trust his Majesty has laid upon me: However, I think it my Duty to warn you of my Son, who, tho' he has a tolerable Share of Wit, yet is a young, wanton, forward Youth, and therefore ha' a Care how you suffer him to come near you. The Fair *Persian* thank'd him for his good Advice, and after she had given him an Assurance of her Intention to follow it, he withdrew.

Noureddin, for so the Vizier's Son was nam'd, had all the Liberty imaginable in his Mother's Apartment, with

whom he usually eat : He was very genteel, young, agreeable and bold ; and being Master of abundance of Wit, and Readiness of Expression, he had the Art of persuading People to whatever he pleas'd. He saw the Fair *Persian* ; and from their first Interview, tho' he knew his Father had bought her purposely for the King, and he himself had declar'd the same, yet he never us'd the least Endeavour to put a stop to the Violence of his Passion. In short, he resign'd himself wholly to the Power of her Charms, by which his Heart was at first conquer'd ; and being ravished with her Conversation, he was resolv'd to employ his utmost Endeavours to get her from the King.

On the other hand, the fair *Persian* had no great Dislike to *Noureddin* : The Viziers, says she to herself, has done me a particular Honour in buying me for the King of *Balsora*, but I should have thought my self very happy, if he had design'd me only for his Son.

Noureddin was not backward in making use of the Advantage of seeing, entertaining, and conversing with a Beauty he was so passionately in love with, for he would never leave her, till his Mother forc'd him to do it : My Son, says she, 'tis not proper for a young man, as you are, to be always amongst the Ladies ; go mind your Studies, that in time you may be worthy to succeed your Father in his high Post and Honours.

It being a great while since the fair *Persian* had bath'd upon the account of her late fatiguing Journey, the Vizier's Lady, five or six Days after she was bought, order'd a private Bath in her own House to be got ready purposely for her. She had a great many Women Slaves to wait upon her, who were charg'd by the Vizier's Lady, to be as careful of her as of her own Person, and after bathing to put her on a very rich Suit of Cloaths, that she had provided for her : And all this Pains and Care was taken, purely to ingratiate her self the more into her Husband's Affection, by letting him see how much she concern'd herself in every thing that contributed to his Pleasure.

As soon as she came out of the Bath, the Fair *Persian*, a thousand times more beautiful than ever she appear'd to *Khacan* when he bought her, went to make a Visit to his Lady, who at first Sight hardly knew her. The Fair
Persian

Persian having saluted her after a very graceful manner, Madam, says she, I know not how you like me in this Dress you have been pleas'd to order for me; but you Women, who tell me it becomes so extremely well, they should scarce know me, are such gross Flatterers, that 'tis from you alone I expect to hear the Truth; but however, If what they say be really so, 'tis to you entirely, Madam, that I owe the Advantage it has given me.

Oh! my Daughter, cries the Vizier's Lady, quite transported with Joy, you have no Reason in the World to believe my Women have flatter'd you, I am better skill'd in Beauty than they are, and setting aside your Dress, which becomes you admirably well, you appear so much handsomer than you did before your Bathing, that I hardly knew you my self: If I thought the Bath was yet hot enough, I would willingly take my Turn, for I am now of an Age that requires frequent use of it: Madam, reply'd the *Fair Persian*, I have nothing to say to the undeserv'd Civilities you have been pleas'd to show me, but as for the Bath, it is wonderful fine, and if you design to go in, you must be quick, for there is no time to be lost, as your Women can inform you as well as I.

The Vizier's Lady, considering that she had not bath'd for some Days past, was willing to make use of that Opportunity; and accordingly she acquainted her Women with her Intention, who immediately prepared all things necessary on such an Occasion. The *Fair Persian* withdrew to her Apartment; and the Vizier's Lady, before she went to bathe, ordered two little Slaves to stay with her, with a strict Charge that if *Noureddin* came, they should not give him Admittance.

While the Vizier's Lady was bathing, and the Fair Slave alone in her Apartment, in came *Noureddin*; and not finding his Mother in her Chamber, went directly to the *Fair Persian's*, where he found the two little Slaves in the Antichamber: He ask'd them, where his Mother was? They told him, in the Bath: Where is the *Fair Persian* then? reply'd *Noureddin*, In her Chamber, answer'd the Slaves, but we have positive Orders from your Mother, not to let you go in.

The Entrance into the Fair *Persian's* Chamber being only cover'd with a Piece of Tapisstry, *Noureddin* went to lift it up in order to go in, but was oppos'd by the two Slaves, who clapp'd themselves just before it, on purpose to stop his Passage; he presently caught hold of both their Arms, and thrusting them out of the Anti-Chamber, locks the Door upon them: Away immediately they ran with a great Out-cry to the Bath, and with weeping Eyes, told their Lady, that *Noureddin*, having driven them away by Force, was got into the Fair *Persian's* Chamber.

The Vizier's Lady receiv'd the astonishing News of her Son's Presumption, with the greatest Concern that could be: She immediately left off bathing, and dressing her self with all possible Speed, came directly to the Fair *Persian's* Chamber; but before she could get thither, *Noureddin* was fairly march'd off.

The Fair *Persian* was extremely surpriz'd to see the Vizier's Lady enter her Chamber all in Tears, and in the utmost Confusion imaginable; Madam says she to her, may I presume to ask you the Occasion of your Concern? And what Accident has happen'd in the Bath, that makes you leave it so soon?

What? cries the Vizier's Lady, can you so calmly ask that Question, after your entertaining my Son *Noureddin* alone in your Chamber? Or can there happen a greater Misfortune either to him or me?

I beseech you, Madam, says the fair Slave, what Injury can this Action of *Noureddin's* do either to you or him?

How! reply'd the Vizier's Lady, did not my Husband tell you, that you are design'd for the King, and sufficiently caution'd you to have a care of *Noureddin*?

I have not forgot it, Madam, reply'd the fair *Persian*; but your Son came to tell me, the Vizier his Father has chang'd his Mind, and, instead of reserving for the King, as he first design'd, has made him a Present of my Person. I easily believ'd him, Madam: For Oh! think, how a Slave as I am, accusom'd from my Infant Years to the Bonds of Servitude, could have the Heart or Power to resist him! I must own, I did it with the less Unwillingness, on Account of a violent Passion for him, which the Freedom
of

of Conversation, and seeing one another daily, has rais'd in my Soul: I could freely lose the Hopes of ever being the King's, and think my self the happiest of Creatures, in spending my whole Life with *Noureddin*.

At this Discourse of the *Fair Persian's*, would to God, cries the Vizier's Lady, that what you say, were true; for then I should have no Reason to be concerned; but believe me, *Noureddin* is an Impostor, and you are deceived, for 'tis impossible his Father should ever make him the Present you spoke of: Ah! wretched Youth! how miserable hast thou made me! but more thy Father, by the dismal Consequences we must all expect to share with him! Neither my Prayers, nor Tears, will be able to prevail, or obtain a Pardon for him; but as soon as his Father hears of his Violence to you, he will inevitably sacrifice him to his just Resentment: At the End of these Words she fell a weeping bitterly, and the Slaves, who had as tender a Regard for *Noureddin* as her self, bore her Company.

A little after this in came the Vizier *Khacan*, and being mightily surprized to find his Lady and her Slaves all in Tears, and the *Fair Persian* very melancholy, ask'd the Reason of it; but they instead of answering him, kept on weeping and making hideous Lamentations: He was more astonish'd at this, than he was before; at last addressing himself to his Wife I command you, says he, to let me know the Occasion of your Tears, and to tell me the whole Truth of the Matter.

The poor disconsolate Lady, being forc'd to satisfy her Husband, Sir, says she, you shall first promise not to use me unkindly upon the Discovery of what you are so desirous to know, since I tell you before-hand that what has happened, has not been occasion'd by any Fault of mine: Without staying for his Answer, whilst I was bathing with my Women, continued she, your Son laying hold of that fatal Opportunity to ruin us both, came hither, and made the *Fair Persian* believe, that instead of reserving her for the King, as you once design'd, you had given her to him as a Present: I do not say, he has done this out of an ill Design, but shall leave you to judge of it yourself; 'tis upon your Account and his, for whom I want Confidence to implore your Pardon, that I am so extremely concern'd.

'Tis

'Tis impossible to exprefs the Vizier *Khacan's* Distracti-
on, upon hearing of the Insolence of his Son *Noureddin* :
Ah! cry'd he, beating his Breast, and tearing his Beard, mi-
serable Son! unworthy of Life; hast thou at last thrown
thy Father from the highest Pinnacle of Happiness, into a
Misfortune that must inevitably involve thee also in its Ru-
in; neither will the King be satisfied with thy Blood, or
mine, but will revenge himself after a more severe Manner,
for the Affront offer'd to his Royal Person.

His Lady used her utmost Endeavours to comfort and
assuage his Sorrow: Concern your self no more about the
Matter, my Dear, said she, I will sell Part of my Jewels for
ten thousand Pieces of Gold, with which you may buy a-
nother Slave, handsomer, and more agreeable to the King's
Fancy than this.

Ah! reply'd the Vizier, could you think me of so mean a
Spirit, as to be so extremely afflicted at the Losing ten thou-
sand Pieces of Gold? 'Tis not that, nor the Loss of all my
Goods, which I can easily part with, but the forfeiting of
my Honour, more precious than all the Riches in the
World, that torments and touches me so nearly. However,
methinks, reply'd the Lady, this can be no very considera-
ble Damage, since 'tis in the Power of Money to re-
pair it.

How! cry'd the Vizier, you know *Saomy* is my mortal
Enemy, and as soon as this Affair comes to his Knowledge,
do you think he will not insult over me, and mock my
Misfortunes before the King? Your Majesty, will he say
to him, is always talking of *Khacan's* Zeal and Affection
for your Service; but see what a Proof he has lately given
of his being worthy the Respect you have hitherto shown
him. He has receiv'd ten thousand Pieces of Gold, to buy
a Slave with; and, to do him Justice, he has honourably
perform'd that Commission, in buying the most beautiful
that ever Eyes beheld; but instead of bringing her to your
Majesty, he has thought it better to make a Present of her
to his Son: Here, my Son, said he, take this Slave, since
thou art more worthy of her than the King: Then with
his usual Malice will he go on, his Son has her now intire-
ly in his Possession, and every Day revels in her Arms,
without the least Disturbance. This, Sir, is the whole
Truth of the Matter, that I have done my self the Honour
of

of acquainting you with ; and if your Majesty questions the Truth of it, you may easily satisfy your self. Do you not plainly see, my Dear, continu'd the Vizier, how upon such a malicious Insinuation as this, I am every Moment liable to have my House forc'd open by the King's Guards, and the *Fair Persian* taken from me, besides a thousand other Misfortunes that will unavoidably follow. Sir, said the Vizier's Lady to her Husband, after he had finish'd his Discourse, I am sensible, the Malice of *Saomy* is very great, and that if he has but the least Intimation of this Affair, he will certainly give it a turn, very disadvantageous to your Interest ; but how is it possible that he or any Body else, should come to the Knowledge of what has been privately transacted in your Family ? Suppose it comes to the King's Ear, and he should ask you about it, cannot you say, that upon a strict Examination, you did not think the Slave so fit for his Majesty's Use, as you did at the first View ; that the Merchant has cheated you ; that indeed, she has a great Deal of Beauty, but is nothing near so witty or agreeable, as she was reported to be : The King will certainly believe what you say, and *Saomy* will be vexed to the Soul, to see all his malicious Designs of ruining you eternally disappointed : Take Courage then, and if you will follow my Advice, send for all the Courtiers, tell them you do not like the *Fair Persian*, and order them to be as expeditious as possible in getting another Slave.

The Vizier *Khacan* highly approving of this Advice, was resolv'd to make use of it ; and tho' his Passion began to cool a little, yet his Indignation against his Son *Noured-din* was not in the least abated.

Noured-din came not in Sight all that Day, and not daring to hide himself among his Companions, lest his Father should search their Houses for him, he went a little Way out of Town, and took Sanctuary in a Garden, where he never had been before, and where his Person was utterly unknown. It was very late when he came back, being willing to stay till his Father was a-Bed, and then his Mother's Women opening the Door very softly, let him in without any Manner of Noise : The next Morning he went out, before his Father was stirring ; and thus for a whole Month was he put to his Shifts, which was a terrible Mortification to

to him, indeed the Women never flatter'd him, but told him plainly his Father's Anger was as great as ever, and if he came in his sight, he would certainly kill him.

Tho' the Vizier's Lady was informed by her Woman of *Noureddin's* lying every Night in the Houſe, yet ſhe durſt not preſume to intreat her Husband to pardon him: At laſt, one Day, ſays ſhe to him, I have hitherto been ſilent, not daring to take the Liberty of talking to you about your Son; but now give me leave to aſk you, what you deſign to do with him? Indeed, 'tis impoſſible for a Son to be more criminal towards a Father, than *Noureddin* has been towards you; he has robbed you of the Honour and Satisfaction of preſenting the King with a Slave ſo accompliſh'd as the *Fair Perſian*; but, after all, are you abſolutely reſolved to deſtroy him? And inſtead of a light Evil, draw upon your ſelf a far greater than perhaps you imagine at preſent. Are you not afraid, that the World, which ſpitefully enquires after the Reaſon of your Son's abſconding, ſhould find out the true Cauſe, which you are ſo deſirous of keeping ſecret; and if that ſhould happen, you would juſtly fall into a Miſfortune, which is ſo much your Intereſt to avoid.

Madam, ſaid the Vizier, there is abundance of ſound Reaſoning in what you have urg'd; however, I cannot think of pardoning *Noureddin*, 'till I have humbled him a little more. He ſhall be ſufficiently mortified, replied the Lady, if you will but put in Execution what is juſt come in my Mind: You muſt know then your Son comes hither every Night after you are a Bed; he lies here, and ſteals out every Morning before you are ſtirring; you ſhall wait for his coming in to Night, make as if you deſign'd to kill him; upon which I will run to his Aſſiſtance, and when he finds his Life intirely owing to my Prayers and Intreaties, you may oblige him to take the *Fair Perſian* on what Condition ſoever you pleaſe: He loves her, and I am ſenſible, the fair Slave has no Aversion for him.

Khacan was very willing to make uſe of this Stratagem: So when *Noureddin* came at the uſual Hour, before the Door was open'd, he plac'd himſelf behind it; as ſoon as ever he enter'd, he ruſh'd ſuddenly upon him, and got him down under his Feet. *Noureddin*, liſting up his Head, ſaw his Father with a Dagger in his Hand, ready prepared to ſtab him.

In that very Instant, in came his Mother, and catching hold of the Vizier's Arm, Sir, cry'd she, what are you a doing? Let me alone, reply'd the Vizier, that I may kill this base unworthy Son. You shall kill me first, cry'd the Mother; nor will I suffer you to embrue your Hands in your own Blood: Speak to him, *Noureddin*, speak to him, and improve this tender Moment. My Father, cry'd he, with Tears in his Eyes, I implore your Clemency and Compassion: Nor must you deny me Pardon, since I ask it in his Name before whom we must all appear at the last Day.

Khacan suffer'd the Poniard to be taken out of his Hand; and as soon as *Noureddin* was releas'd, he threw himself at his Father's Feet, and kiss'd them, to show how sincerely he repented of his having ever offended him. *Noureddin*, said he, return your Mother Thanks, since 'tis purely for her Sake I pardon you. I design also to give you the *Fair Persian*, on Condition that you'll oblige your self by an Oath, not to look upon her any longer as a Slave, but as your Wife, that you will not sell her, nor ever be divorced from her; for she having abundance of Wit and Prudence, besides much better Conduct than you, I am perswaded she will be able to moderate those rash Sallies of Youth, which are enough to ruin you.

Noureddin, who little expected to be treated after so kind and indulgent a Manner, return'd his Father a thousand Thanks, with all the Gratitude and Sincerity imaginable; and in the Conclusion, the Vizier, the *Fair Persian*, and he were very well pleas'd and satisfied with the Match.

The Vizier *Khacan* would not stay in Expectation of the King's asking him about the Order that he had given him, but took a particular Care to mention it often, in representing to his Majesty the many Difficulties he met with in that Affair, and how fearful he was of not acquitting himself to his Majesty's Satisfaction. In short, he manag'd the Business with so much Cunning and Address, that the King insensibly forgot it, and, tho' *Saony* had got some small Information of the Matter, yet *Khacan* was so much in the King's Favour, that he was afraid to speak of it.

'Twas now above a Year, that this nice Affair has been kept with greater Secresy than at first the Vizier expected,
whca

when being one Day in the Bath, and some important Business obliging him to leave it all in a Sweat, the Air, which was then a little moist, struck a Damp to his Breast, caus'd a Defluxion of Rheum to fall upon his Lungs, which threw him into a violent Fever, and confin'd him to his Bed. His Illness growing every Day worse, and perceiving he had but a few Moments to live, he thus address'd himself to his Son *Noureddin*, who never stirr'd from him during his whole Sickness; My Son, says he, I know not whether I have made a good use of the Riches Heaven has blest'd me with, but you see they are not able to save me from the Hands of Death; the last thing I desire of you, with my dying breath, is, that you would be mindful of the Promise you made me concerning the *Fair Persian*, and with a Certainty of that I shall die pleas'd, and well contented.

These were the Vizier's last Words, who dying a few Moments after, lett his Family, the Court, and the whole City in great Affliction for his Death. The King lamented him as having lost a wise, zealous and faithful Minister; and the whole City wept for him as their Protector and Benefactor. Never was there a Funeral in *Balsora* solemniz'd with greater Pomp and Magnificence; the Viziers, and Emirs, and in general, all the Grandees of the Court, strove for the Honour of bearing his Coffin, one after another upon their Shoulders, to the Place of Burial and both Rich and Poor accompany'd him thither, with Tears in their Eyes.

Noureddin, gave all the Demonstrations of a Sorrow, equal to the Loss he had lately sustain'd, and liv'd a great while without ever seeing any Company: At last he admitted of a Visit from an intimate Friend of his: His Friend endeavour'd to comfort him all he could and finding him a little inclinable to hear Reason, he told him, that having paid what was due to the Memory of his Father and fully satisfied all that Custom and Decency requir'd of him, 'twas now high Time to appear again in the World to converse with his Friends, and maintain a Character suitable to his Birth and Merit: For, continu'd he, we should sin both against the Laws of Nature and Civility, and be thought insensible, if upon the Death of our Fathers, we neglect to pay them what a filial Love and Tenderness require

quire at our Hands; but having once perform'd that Duty, and put it out of the Power of any Man to reproach us upon that Account, we are oblig'd to return to our usual Method of Living. Dry up your Tears then, and re-assume that wonted Air of Gaiety, which always inspires with Joy, those that have the Honour of your Conversation.

This Advice seeming very reasonable to *Noureddin*, he he was easily persuaded to follow it, and if he had been ruled by his Friend in every thing, he would certainly have avoided all the Misfortunes that afterwards befel him. He treated him very nobly; and when he took his Leave, *Noureddin* desired him to come the next Day, and bring three or four Friends of their Acquaintance. By this Means he insensibly fell into the Society of about ten young Gentlemen, pretty near his own Age; with whom he spent his Time in continual Feasting and Entertainments; and scarce a Day came over his Head, but he made every one of them some considerable Present.

Sometimes, to oblige his Friends after a more particular Manner, *Noureddin* would send for the *Fair Persian*, to entertain them; who, notwithstanding her Obedience to his Command, never approv'd of his extravagant way of Living: She often took the Liberty of speaking her Mind freely. Sir, said she, I question not but your Father has left you abundance of Riches; but how great soever they are, be not angry with your Slave, for telling you, that, at this Rate of Living, you'll quickly see an end of them. We may sometimes indeed afford to treat our Friends, and be merry with them; but to make a daily Practice of it, is certainly the high Road to Ruin and Destruction: Therefore for your own Honour and Reputation you would do much better to follow the Footsteps of your deceas'd Father, that in Time you may rise to that Dignity, by which he has acquir'd so much Glory and Renown.

Noureddin hearken'd to the *Fair Persian's* Discourse with a smiling Countenance; and when she had done, My Charmer, said he, with the same Air of Mirth, say no more of that; let us talk of nothing but Mirth and Pleasure. In my Father's Life-time I was always under Restraint, and I am now resolv'd to enjoy the Liberty I so much sigh'd for, before his Death. 'Tis Time enough for me to think of
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leading a sober regular Life; and a Man of my Age ought to taste the Pleasures of Youth.

What contributed very much towards the ruining *Noureddin's* Fortune, was his Unwillingness to reckon with his Steward: For when ever he brought in his Accompts, he still sent him away without examining them: Go, go, said he, I trust wholly to your Honesty: therefore only take care to let me have wherewith to make merry.

You are the Master, Sir, reply'd he, and I but the Steward: However, you would do well to think upon the Proverb, He that spends much, and has but little, must at last insensibly be reduc'd to Poverty. You are not contented with keeping an extravagant Table, but you must lavish away your Estate with both Hands: And were your Coffers as large as Mountains, they would not be sufficient to maintain you. Be gone, reply'd *Noureddin*, your grave Lessons are needless; only take care to provide good Eating and Drinking, and trouble your Head no further about the rest.

In the mean Time, *Noureddin's* Friends were constant Guests at his Table, and never failed making some Advantage of the Easiness of his Temper. They prais'd and flatter'd him, extolling his most indifferent Actions to the very Skies: but, above all, they took particular care to commend whatever belonged to him and his; and this, they found, turn'd to some Account. Sir, says one of them, I came the other Day by your Estate that lies in such a Place. Certainly there's nothing so magnificent, or so handsomely furnish'd, as your House; and the Garden belonging to it, is a Paradise upon Earth. I am very glad it pleases you, says *Noureddin*: Here, bring me Pen, Ink, and Paper! But, without more Words, 'tis at your Service, and I make you a Present of it. No sooner had others commanded his House, Baths, and some publick Buildings erected for the Use of Strangers, the Yearly Revenue of which was very considerable, but he immediately gave them away. The *Fair Persian* could not forbear to let him know how much Injury he did himself. But, instead of taking any Notice of it, he continued his Extravagancies, and upon the first Opportunity, squander'd away the little he had left.

In short, *Noureddin* did nothing for a whole Year together, but feast, and make himself merry, wasting and consuming, after a prodigal Manner, the Riches that his Predecessors, and the good Vizier his Father, had with so much Pains and Care heap'd together, and preserved.

The Year was but just expir'd, when some Body, one Day, knock'd at the Hall door, where he and his Friends were at Dinner together by themselves, having sent away their Slaves, that they might enjoy a greater Liberty and Freedom of Conversation,

One of his Friends offer'd to rise, but *Noureddin*, stepping before him, open'd the Door himself. It seems, it was the Steward; and *Noureddin*, going a little out of the Hall to know his Business, left the Door half open.

The Friend that offer'd to rise from his Seat, seeing it was the Steward, and being somewhat curious to know what he had to say to *Noureddin*, placed himself between the Hangings, and the Door, where he plainly over-heard the Steward's Discourse to his Master. Sir, says he, I ask a thousand Pardons, for my coming to disturb you in the Height of your Joys; but this Affair is of such an Importance, that I thought my self bound in Duty to acquaint you with it. I am come, Sir, to make up my last Accounts, and to tell you, that what I all along foresaw, and have often warn'd you of, is at last come to pass. Behold, Sir, says he (shewing him a small Piece of Money) the Remainder of all the Sums I have receiv'd from you during my Stewardship; the other Funds you were pleas'd to assign me, are all exhausted. The Farmers, and those that owe you Rent, have made it so plainly appear to me, that you have assign'd over to others whatever remains in their Hands due to you, that 'tis impossible for me to get any more of them upon your Account. Here are my Books, if you please, examine them; and if you think fit to continue me in the Place I am now in, order me some other Funds, or else give me leave to quit your Service; *Noureddin* was so astonish'd at his Discourse, that he gave him no manner of Answer.

The Friend who had been listening all this while, and had heard every Syllable of what the Steward said, immediately came in, and told the Company what he had lately overheard. 'Tis your Business, Gentlemen, says he, to make

use of this Caution; for my part, I declare it openly to you, this is the last Visit I delign ever to make *Noureddin*. Nay, reply'd they, if Matters go thus, we have as little Business here as you; and for the future shall take care not to trouble him with our Company.

Noureddin returned presently after; yet notwithstanding his carrying it pleasantly to his Guests, by putting them into a merry Humour again, he could not so handsomely dissemble the Matter, but they plainly perceiv'd the Truth of what they had been inform'd of. He was scarce set down in his Place, but one of his Friends rose up: Sir, says he, I am sorry I cannot have the Honour of your Company any longer; and therefore I hope, you'll excuse my Rudeness of leaving you so soon. What urgent Affair have you, reply'd *Noureddin*, that obliges you to be going; My Wife, Sir, said he, is brought to Bed to Day, and upon such an Occasion, you know, a Husband's Company is very acceptable. So making a very low Bow, away he went. A Minute afterwards a second took his Leave, upon another sham Excuse. And so one after another, till at last not one of those Ten Friends, that had hitherto kept *Noureddin* Company, was left in the Room.

As soon as they were gone, *Noureddin*, little suspecting the Resolution they had made of never visiting him again, went directly to the Fair *Persian's* Apartment; to whom in private he related all the Steward had told him, and seem'd extremely concern'd at the ill Posture of his Affairs. Sir, said the Fair *Persian* to him, you would never take my Advice, but always manag'd your Concerns after your own Way, and now you see the fatal Consequence of it. I find I was not mistaken, when I presag'd to what a miserable Condition you would bring your self at last: But what afflicts me yet the more, is, that at present you do not see the worst of your Misfortunes. When ever I presum'd freely to impart my Thoughts to you, let us be merry, said you, and in Pleasures improve the Time that Fortune has kindly given us, perhaps she will not always be so prodigal of her Favours: But was I now to blame in telling you, that we are the Makers or Undoers of our own Fortunes, by a prudent or foolish Management of them? You indeed would never hearken to me; so at last, much against my Will, I was forced to desist, and let you alone.

I must own, reply'd *Noureddin*, I was extremely in the Wrong in not following the Advice, that you, out of your Abundance of Prudence and Discretion, was pleas'd to give me: 'Tis true, I have spent my Estate; but do you not consider, 'tis among the Friends of a long Acquaintance, who, I am perswaded, have more Generosity and Gratitude in them, than to abandon or forsake me in Distress. Sir, reply'd the *Fair Persian*, if you have nothing but the Gratitude of your Friends to depend on, you are in a desperate Condition: For, believe me, that Hope is vain, and ill grounded, and you will tell me so your self in a very little Time.

To this *Noureddin* reply'd, *Charming Persian*, I have a better Opinion of my Friends Generosity than you: To-morrow I design to make a Visit to them all, before the usual Time of their coming hither, and you shall see me return with a vast Sum, that they will raise among them to support me: I am resolv'd to change my way of Living, and, with the Money they lend me, set up for a Merchant.

The next Morning, *Noureddin* fail'd not to visit his ten Friends that liv'd in the very same Street; he knock'd at the first Door he came at, where one of the richest of them lived: A Slave came to the Door; but before he would open it, he ask'd who was there? Go to your Master, says he to the Slave, and tell him, 'tis *Noureddin*, the late Vizier's Son: Upon this the Slave opens the Door, and shews him into a Hall, where he left him, to go tell his Master, who was in an Inner Room, that *Noureddin* was come to wait on him: *Noureddin*, cry'd he in a disdainful Tone, loud enough for *Noureddin* to hear it with Surprise, Go tell him I'm not at Home; and whenever he comes hither, be sure you give him the same Answer. The Slave came back, and told *Noureddin*, he thought his Master was within, but he was mistaken.

Noureddin came away in the greatest Confusion in the World. Ah! Base, ungrateful Wretch! cry'd he, to treat me so basely to Day, after the Vows and Protections of Love and Friendship that he made me Yesterday. From thence he went to another Door, but that Friend order'd his Slaves also to say he was gone out: He had the same Answer at the third; and, in short, all the rest deny'd them-

selves, though every one of them was at Home at the same time.

'Twas now that *Noureddin* began in earnest to reflect with himself, and to be convinced of the Folly of his too credulous Temper, in relying so much upon the Vows and Protestations of Amity, that his false Friends, in the time of his Prosperity, had solemnly made him: 'Tis very true, said he, to himself, that a fortunate Man, as I was, may be compar'd to a Tree loaden with Fruit, which as long as there is any remaining on its Boughs, People will be crouding round it; but as soon as it is stript of all, they immediately leave it, and go to another. He smother'd his Passion as much as possible, while he was abroad; but no sooner was he got home, but he gave a Loose to his Sorrow, and resign'd himself wholly to it.

The *Fair Persian*, seeing him so extremely concern'd, fancied he had not found his Friends so ready to assist him as he expected: Well, Sir, said she, are you now convinc'd of the Truth of what I told you? Ah! cry'd he, my Dear, thou hast been but too true a Prophetess; for not one of them would so much as know me, see me, or speak to me. Oh! who could ever have believ'd, that Persons so highly oblig'd to me as they are, and on whom I have spent my Estate, could ever have us'd me so barbarously? I am distracted, and I fear committing some dishonourable Action, below my self, in the deplorable Condition I am reduc'd to, without the Aid and Assistance of your prudent Advice. Sir, reply'd the *Fair Persian*, I see no other way of supporting your self in your Misfortunes, but selling off your Slaves and Moveables, and to live upon the Money, till Heaven shall find out some other Means to deliver you from your present Misery.

Noureddin was very loth to make use of this Expedient; but what could he do in the necessitous Circumstances he was in? He first sold off his Slaves, those unprofitable Mouths, which were a greater Expence to him, than what his present Condition could bear: He liv'd on the Money for some Time; and when all of it was spent, he order'd his Goods to be carry'd to the Market Place, where they were sold for half their Worth: Among which were several valuable Things, that cost immense Sums. Upon this

this he liv'd for a considerable Time : But that Supply failing at last, he had nothing at all left, by which he could raise any more Money, of which he complain'd to the *Fair Persian* in the most tender Expressions that Sorrow could inspire.

Noureddin only waited to hear what Answer this prudent Creature would make him. Sir, said she at last, I am your Slave, and you know that the late Vizier, your Father, gave Ten Thousand Pieces of Gold for me; perhaps I am a little sunk in Value since that Time; but I believe, I shall sell for pretty near that Sum yet: Let me intreat you then instantly to carry me to the Market, and expose me to Sale, and with the Money that you get for me, which will be very considerable, you may turn Merchant in some City, where you are unknown, and by that Means find a Way of living, if not in Splendor, yet with Happiness and Content.

Ah! lovely and adorable *Persian*, cry'd *Noureddin*, is it possible you can entertain such a Thought of me? Have I given you such slender Proofs of my Love, that you should think me capable of so base an Action? But suppose me so vile a Wretch, could I do it without being guilty of Perjury, after the Oath I have taken never to sell you? No, I could sooner die, than part with you, whom I love infinitely beyond my self: Tho' by the unreasonable Proposition you have made me, it is plain your Love is not so tender as mine.

Sir, reply'd the *Fair Persian*, I am sufficiently convinc'd that your Passion for me is as violent as you say it is; and Heaven, who knows with what Reluctancy I made this Proposition that you dislike, is my Witness, that mine is as great as yours; but to silence Reason at once, I need only bid you remember, that Necessity has no Law. I love you to that degree, 'tis impossible for you to love me more; and be assur'd that to what Master soever I shall belong, my Passion shall always continue the same; and if you are ever able to redeem me, as I hope you may, 'twill be the greatest Pleasure in the World to be in your Possession again. Alas! To what a fatal and cruel Necessity are we driven! But I see no other way of freeing our selves from the Misery that involves us both.

Noureddin, who very well knew the Truth of what the *Fair Persian* had spoken, and that there was no other way of avoiding a shameful Poverty, was in the End forc'd to yield to her first Request: Accordingly he led her to the Market where the Women-Slaves are expos'd to Sale, with a Regret that cannot easily be express'd; he apply'd himself to a Courtier, nam'd *Hagi Hassan*; *Hagi Hassan*, said he, here is a Slave that I have a mind to sell, prithee see what they will give for her.

Hagi Hassan desir'd *Noureddin* and the *Fair Persian* to walk into a Room; and when she had pull'd off the Veil that cover'd her Face, Sir, said *Hagi Hassan* to *Noureddin*, in a great Surprise, if I am not mistaken, this is the Slave your Father, the late Vizier, gaveten thousand Pieces of Gold for: *Noureddin* assur'd him 'twas the same; and *Hagi Hassan* gave him some Hopes of selling her at a good Rate, and promis'd to use all his Art and Cunning to raise her Price as high as it would bear.

Hagi Hassan and *Noureddin* went out of the Room, and lock'd the *Fair Persian* in. *Hagi Hassan* went immediately to look after the Merchants; but they being busie in buying Slaves that came from different Countries, he was forced to stay till the Market was done: When their Sale was over, and the greatest Part of them got together, My Masters, said he to them, with an Air of Gayety in his Looks and Actions, every Thing that's round is not a Nut, and every Thing that's long is not a Fig, all that's red is not Flesh, and all Eggs are not fresh: 'Tis true, you have seen and bought a great many Slaves in your Lives, but you never yet saw one comparable to her I am going to tell you of. In short, she's the very Pearl of Slaves; Come, follow me, and you shall see her your selves, and by that judge at what Rate I shall cry her.

The Merchant follow'd *Hagi Hassan* into the Chamber where the *Fair Persian* was; and as soon as they beheld her, they were so surprized at her Beauty, that at first Word they unanimously agreed, that four thousand Pieces of Gold was the very lowest Price they could set upon her. The Merchants left the Room, and *Hagi Hassan*, who came out with them, without going any further, proclaim'd with a loud Voice, 4000 Pieces of Gold for the *Persian Slave*.

None

None of the Merchants had yet offer'd any Thing, and they were but just consulting together, about what they might afford to give for her, when the Vizier *Saouy*, perceiving *Noureddin* in the Market, appear'd; said he to himself, *Noureddin* has certainly made some more Money of his Goods, (for he knew of his exposing them to Sale) and is come hither to buy a Slave with it. Upon this he advanc'd forward, just as *Hagi Hassan* began to proclaim a second Time *Four thousand Pieces of Gold for the Persian Slave*.

The Vizier *Saouy* concluding by the Extravagancy of the Price, that she must be some extraordinary Piece of Beauty, had a longing Desire to see her: So spurring his Horse forward, he rode directly up to *Hagi Hassan*, who was in the very Middle of the Merchants: Open the Door, said he, and let me see this Slave. It was never the Custom to shew their Slave, to any particular Person, till after the Merchants had seen her, and had the Refusal: But *Saouy* being a Person of so great Authority, none of them durst dispute their Right with him: And *Hagi Hassan* being forced to open the Door, becken'd the *Fair Slave* to come forward; that *Saouy* might have a Sight of her, without the Trouble of alighting from his Horse.

The Vizier was astonish'd at the Sight of so beautiful a Slave, and knowing the Courtier's Name, (having formerly dealt with him) *Hagi Hassan*, said he, is it not at Four thousand Pieces of Gold that you cry her? Yes, Sir, answer'd he, 'tis but a Moment since I cry'd her at that Price, and the Merchants you see, gather'd together here, are come to bid Money for her, and I question not but they will give a great Deal more than that.

If no Body offers an higher, I will give that Sum, reply'd *Saouy*, looking upon the Merchants at the same Time, with a Countenance that forbid them to advance any more. In short, he was so universally dreaded, that no Body durst speak a Word, so much as to complain of his encroaching upon their Privileges.

The Vizier *Saouy* having staid some Time, and finding none of the Merchants out-bid him, what do you stay for, said he to *Hagi Hassan*? Go look after the Seller, and strike a Bargain with him at Four thousand Pieces of Gold, or more if he demands it, not knowing yet the Slave belonged to *Noureddin*.

Hagi Hassan having lock'd the Chamber-door, went to confer Notes with *Noureddin*; Sir, said he to him, I am very sorry to bring to you the ill News of your Slave's being just going to be sold for nothing. How so, reply'd *Noureddin*? Why, Sir, said *Hagi Hassan*, you must know, that the Business at first went on rarely: For as soon as the Merchants had seen your Slave, they order'd me to cry her at Four thousand Pieces of Gold: Accordingly I cry'd her at that Price. Upon which, the Vizier *Saouy* came, and his Presence has stopp'd the Mouths of all the Merchants, who seem'd inclinable to raise her, at least, to the same Price your deceased Father gave for her. *Saouy* will give no more than Four thousand Pieces, and 'tis much against my Inclination that I am come to tell you the despicable Price he offers. The Slave indeed is your own; but I will never advise you to part with her upon those Terms, since you and every Body else are sensible of her being worth infinitely more: Besides, he is base enough to contrive a Way to trick you out of the Money.

Hagi Hassan, reply'd *Noureddin*, I am highly obliged to thee for thy Advice; but do not think I will ever sell my Slave to an Enemy of our Family: My Necessities, indeed, are at present very great; but I would sooner die in the most shameful Poverty, than ever consent to the delivering her up to his Arms. I have only one Thing to beg of thee, who art skilful in all the Turns and Shifts of Life, that thou wouldst put me in a Way to prevent the Sale of her.

Sir, said *Hagi Hassan*, there's nothing more easie: You must pretend, that being in a violent Passion with your Slave, you swore to expose her in the Market, and for the sake of your Oath, you have now brought her hither, without any manner of Intention of selling her. This will satisfy every Body, and *Saouy* will have nothing to say against it. Come along with me then, and just as I am presenting her to *Saouy*, as if it were by your own Consent, pull her to you, give her two or three Blows, and send her Home. I thank thee for thy Counsel, said *Noureddin*, and thou shalt see I will make use of it.

Hagi Hassan went back to the Chamber, and having in two Words acquainted the *Fair Persian* with their Design, that she might not be surprized at it, he took her by the Hand, and led her to the Vizier *Saouy*, who was still on Horse -

Horseback at the Door : Sir, said he, here's the Slave, she is yours, pray take her.

The Words were scarce out of *Hagi Hassan's* Mouth, but *Noureddin* catching hold of the *Fair Persian*, pull'd her to him, and giving her a Box on the Ear, Come hither, Impertinence, said he, and get you Home again ; for tho' your ill Humour oblig'd me to swear I should bring you hither, yet I never intended to sell you ; I have Business for you to do yet, and 'twill be Time enough to part with you, when I have nothing else left.

This Action of *Noureddin* put the Vizier *Saony* into a violent Passion. Miserable Debauchee, cry'd he, wouldst thou have me believe thou hast any Thing else left to make Money of, but thy Slave ? And at the same Instant, spurring his Horse directly against him, endeavour'd to have carried off the *Fair Persian*. *Noureddin*, nettled to the Quick at the Affront the Vizier had put upon him, quits the *Fair Persian*, and laying hold of the Horse's Bridle, made him run two or three Paces backwards : Vile Dotard, said he to the Vizier, I would tear thy Soul out of thy Body, this very Moment, were it not for the Croud of People here present.

The Vizier *Saony* being lov'd by no Body ; but on the contrary, hated by all, there was not one among them but was now pleas'd to see *Noureddin* mortifie him a little ; and by shrewd Signs, they let him understand that he might revenge himself upon him as much as he pleas'd, for no Body would meddle with their Quarrel.

Saony endeavour'd all he could to make *Noureddin* quit the Bridle ; but he being a lusty, vigorous Man, and encouraged by those that stood by, pull'd him off his Horse, in the middle of a Brook, gave him a thousand Blows, and dash'd his Head against the Stones, till it was all of a Gore-Blood. The Slaves that waited upon the Vizier, would fain have drawn their Scimiters, and have fallen upon *Noureddin*, but the Merchants interposing, prevented them from doing it. What do you mean, said they to them ? Don't you see the one's a Vizier, and the other's a Vizier's Son ? Let them dispute their Quarrel themselves ; perhaps they will be reconciled one Time or another : Whereas if you had killed *Noureddin*, your Master, with all his Greatness could not have been able to protect you against the Law.

Noureddin, having given over beating the *Vizier Saouy*, left him in the Middle of the Brook, and taking the *Fair Persian*, march'd Home with her, being attended by the People with Shouts and Acclamations, for the Action he had perform'd.

The *Vizier Saouy*, cruelly bruis'd with the Strokes he had received, by the Assistance of his Slaves made Shift to get up, and had, the Mortification to see himself besmear'd all over with Blood and Dirt. He leaned upon the Shoulders of two Slaves, and in that Condition went strait to the Palace, in the Sight of all the People, with so much greater Confusion, because no Body pity'd him. As soon as he reach'd the King's Apartment, he began to cry out, and call for Justice, after a lamentable Manner. The King order'd him to be admitted; and as soon as he came, he ask'd him, who it was that had abused, and put him into that miserable Pickle. Sir, cry'd *Saouy*, Your Majesty ought to afford me a large share of your Favour, and to take into your Royal Consideration my late Abuse, since 'twas chiefly upon your Account that I have been so barbarously treated. Say no more of that, reply'd the King, but let me hear the whole Story simply as it is, and who the Offender is; and if he is in the Wrong, you may depend upon it, he shall be severely punish'd.

Sir, said *Saouy* then, telling the whole Matter to his own Advantage, having an Occasion of a Cook-maid, I went to the Market for Women-Slaves to buy me one. When I came thither, there was a Slave just cry'd at Four thousand Pieces of Gold: I order'd them to bring the Slave before me, and I think my Eyes never did, nor will behold a more glorious Creature than she is. I had not Time to examine her Beauty thoroughly, but however, I immediately ask'd to whom she belong'd; and upon Enquiry I found, that *Noureddin*, Son to the late *Vizier Khacan*, had the disposing of her.

Sir, you may remember, that about two or three Years ago, you gave that *Vizier* Ten thousand Pieces of Gold, strictly charging him to buy you a Slave with it. The Money indeed was laid out upon this very Slave; but instead of bringing her to your Majesty, thinking his Son deserv'd her better, he made him a Present of her. *Noureddin*,

reddin, since his Father's Death, having wasted his whole Fortune in Riot and Feasting, has nothing left but this Slave, which he intended to part with, and therefore she was to be sold in his Name, I sent for him, and without mentioning any Thing of his Father's Baseness, or rather Treachery to your Majesty, I very civilly told him, *Noureddin*, said I, the Merchants, I perceive, have put your Slave up at Four Thousand Pieces of Gold; and I question not, but in Emulation of each other, they will raise the Price considerably, let me have her for the Four thousand Pieces; I am going to buy her for the King, our Lord and Master; this will be a handsome Opportunity of making your Court to him, and his Favour will be worth a great Deal more than the Merchants can propose to give you.

Instead of returning me a civil Answer, as in good Manners he ought to have done, the insolent Wretch beholding me with an Air of Fierceness, Decrepid Villain, said he, I'd rather sell my Slave to a *Jew* for nothing, than to thee for Money. *Noureddin*, reply'd I, without any manner of Passion, though I had some Reason to be a little warm, You do not consider, that in talking at this Rate, you affront the King, who has rais'd both your Father and me to the Honours we have enjoy'd.

This Admonition, instead of moving him to a Compliance, provok'd him to a higher degree; so that falling upon me like a Madman, he pull'd me off my Horse, beat me as long as he could stand over me, and has put me into this miserable Plight Your Majesty sees me in. And therefore I beseech you, Sir, to consider me, since 'tis upon your Account I have been so openly affronted. At the End of these Words, he bow'd his Head, and, turning it about, wept a plentiful Shower of Tears.

The abus'd King, highly incens'd against *Noureddin* by this Relation, full of Malice and Artifice, discover'd by his Countenance the Violence of his Anger; and turning to the Captain of his Guards that stood near him Take 40 of your Soldiers, said he, and immediately go plunder *Noureddin's* House; and having order'd it to be raz'd to the Ground, bring him and his Slave along with you.

The Captain of the Guards was not gone out of the King's Presence, when a Gentleman-Usher belonging to
the.

the Court, over heard the Order, that had been given, got before him. His Name was *Sangiar*, and he had been formerly the Vizier *Khacan*'s Slave, by whose Favour he was brought into the Court-Service, where by degrees he w^{as} advanc'd higher.

Sangiar, full of Gratitude for his old Master, and Affection for *Noureddin*, with whom in his Infancy he had often play'd, and being no Stranger to *Saouy*'s Hatred of *Khacan*'s Family, could not hear the Orders without Concern and Trembling. May be, said he to himself, this Action of *Noureddin*'s is not altogether so black as *Saouy* has represented it; but however, the King is prejudic'd against him, and will certainly put him to Death, without allowing Time to justify himself. He made so much haste to *Noureddin*'s House, as to get thither Time enough to acquaint him with what had pass'd at Court, and for him to provide for his own and the *Fair Persian*'s Safety. Heknock'd so violent loud at the Door, that *Noureddin*, who had been a great while without any Servant, ran immediately to open it: My dear Lord, said *Sangiar*, here's no more staying for you in *Balsora*, if you design to save your self, you must lose no Time, but depart hence this very Moment.

Why so? reply'd *Noureddin*, what's the Reason I must be gone so soon! Ah! Sir, said *Sangiar*, make haste away, and take your Slave with you; for in short, *Saouy* has been just now acquainting, after his own Way of telling it, all that happen'd between you and him; and the Captain of the Guards will be here in an Instant, with forty Soldiers, to seize you and the *Fair Persian*. Here, Sir, take these forty Pieces of Gold, 'tis all I have about me, to assist you in finding out some other Place of Safety. Excuse my not staying any longer with you: I leave you with a great Deal of Unwillingness; but I do it for the Good of us both: I have so much Interest with the Captain of the Guards, that he'll take no Notice of me. *Sangiar* gave *Noureddin* but just Time to thank him, and away he went.

Noureddin presently acquainted the *Fair Persian* with the absolute Necessity of their going that Moment. She only staid to put on her Veil, and then they both stole out of the House together, and were so very lucky, as not only to get clear of the City, without the least Notice being taken

taken of their Escape, but also safely to arrive at the Mouth of the *Euphrates*, where they embark'd in a Vessel that lay ready to weigh Anchor.

They were no sooner a Ship-board but the Captain came upon Deck amongst his Passengers; My Children, said he to them, are you all here? Have you any of you any more Business to do in the City? Or have you left any Thing behind you? They were all there, they answer'd him, and ready prepar'd; so that he might set Sail as soon as he pleas'd. When *Noureddin* came aboard, the first Question, he ask'd, was, Whither the Ship was bound? And being told for *Bagdad*, he greatly rejoic'd at it. And now the Captain, having weigh'd Anchor, set sail, and the Vessel, with a very favourable Wind, lost sight of *Balsora*.

But now let us see how Matters went at *Balsora*, in the mean Time, while *Noureddin* and the *Fair Persian* made their Escape from the Fury of the enrag'd King.

The Captain of the Guards came to *Noureddin's* House, and knock'd at the Door, but no Body coming to open it, he order'd his Soldiers to break it down, who immediately obey'd him, and in they rush'd in a full Body. They search'd every Hole and Corner of the House; but neither he nor the *Fair Persian* were to be found. The Captain of the Guards made them enquire of the Neighbours, and he ask'd himself if they had seen them lately. 'Twas all in vain; for if they had seen him go out of his House, so universally belov'd was *Noureddin*, that not one of them would have said the least Word that might be injurious to him. As soon as they had rifled the House, and levell'd it to the Ground, they went to acquaint the King with the News. Look for them, said he, in some other Places, for I am resolv'd to have them found.

The Captain of the Guards made a second Search after them; and the King dismiss'd the Vizier *Saouy*, with a great Deal of Honour. Go Home, said he to him, trouble your self no further with *Noureddin's* Punishment; for with my own Hand, I will revenge the Insolence he has offer'd your Person.

Without any further Delay, the King order'd the publick Criers to proclaim throughout the whole City a Reward of a Thousand Pieces of Gold for any Person that should apprehend *Noureddin* and the *Fair Persian*, with a
severe

severe Punishment upon whoever should conceal them. But after all this Pains and Trouble, there was no News to be heard of them; and the Vizier *Saony* had only the Comfort of seeing the King espouse his Quarrel.

In the mean Time, *Noureddin* and the *Fair Persian*, after a prosperous Voyage, landed safe at *Bagdad*. As soon as the Captain came within sight of the City, pleas'd that his Voyage was at an End, Children cry'd he to the Passengers, cheer up and be merry; look, yonder's that great and wonderful City, where there is a perpetual Concourse of People from all Parts of the World: There you shall meet with innumerable Crouds every Day, and never feel the Extremity of Cold in Winter, nor the Excess of Heat in Summer; but enjoy an eternal Spring, always crown'd with Flowers, and the delicious Fruits of Autumn?

When the Vessel came to Anchor, a little below the City, the Passengers got ashore, and every Body went to the Place they design'd to lie at that Night. *Noureddin* gave the Captain five Pieces of Gold for his Passage, and went ashore also with the *Fair Persian*; but being a perfect Stranger in *Bagdad*, he was at a loss for a Lodging. They rambled a considerable Time about the Gardens that border'd on the *Tygris*, and keeping close to one of them, that was inclos'd with a very high Wall, at the End of it, they turn'd into a Street finely pav'd, where they perceiv'd a Garden Door, and a charming Fountain near it.

The Door, which was very magnificent, happen'd to be shut, but the Porch was open, in which there stood a *Sofa* on each Side. This is a very convenient Place for us, said *Noureddin* to the *Fair Persian*, Night comes on apace; and tho' we have eaten nothing since our Landing, yet I believe we must e'en lie here to Night, and to Morrow we shall have Time enough to get a Lodging; what say you to't, my Dear? Sir, reply'd the *Fair Persian*, you know very well, I am never against what you propose, therefore let us go no farther, since you are willing to stay here. Each of them having drank a Draught of Water at the Fountain, they laid themselves down upon one of the *Sofa's*, and after a little Chat, being invited by the agreeable Murmur of the Water, they fell fast asleep.

The Garden, it seems, belong'd to the Caliph, and in the Middle of it there was a Pavillion, call'd the *Pavillion*

of Pictures, because its chief Ornament was Pictures, after the Persian Manner, drawn by the most celebrated Limners in Persia, whom the Caliphs sent for on purpose. The stately Hall beneath this Pavillion was adorn'd with fourscore Windows, and in every Window a branch'd Candlestick. The Candles were never lighted but when the Caliph came thither to spend the Evening, which was never but when the Weather was so very calm, that not a Breath of Air was stirring. Then indeed they made a glorious Illumination, and could plainly be discerned at a vast distance in the Country on that Side, and by the greatest Part of the City.

There was but one Person that had the Charge of this fine Garden, and the Place was at this Time enjoyed by a very ancient Officer, named *Scheich Ibrahim*, whom the Caliph himself, for some important Service, put into that Imployment, with a strict Charge, not to let all sorts of People in, but especially to suffer no Body either to sit or lie down on the *Sofa's*, that stood at the outward Door, that they might always be clean and handsome; and whenever he found any Body there, to punish them severely.

Some Business had oblig'd this Officer to go abroad, and he was not as yet return'd: When he came back, there was just Day-Light enough for him to discern two Persons asleep upon one of the *Sofa's*, with both their Hands under a Piece of Linnen Cloath, to secure them from the Gnats. Very well, said *Scheich Ibrahim* to himself, here are brave People, to disobey the Caliph's Orders, but I'll take care to pay them handsomely what they deserve. Upon this he opens the Door very softly, and a Moment after returns with a swinging Cane in his Hand, and his Sleeve tuck'd up to the Elbow: He was just going to lay them on with all his Force, but withholding his Arm, he began to reason with himself after this Manner; Thou wast going to strike without any Consideration, those that perhaps are Strangers, destitute of a Lodging and utterly ignorant of the Caliph's Order; so that it would be adviseable in thee to know first who they are: Upon this he gently lifts up the Linnen that cover'd their Heads, and being wonderfully astonish'd to see two Persons so mighty beautiful and well-shap'd, wak'd *Noureddin*, with pulling him softly by the Feet.

Noureddin

Noureddin presently lifting up his Head, and seeing an old Man with a long white Beard, standing at his Feet, got up, and throwing himself upon his Knees, good Father, said he, Heaven preserve you! What do you want? My Son, reply'd *Scheich Ibrahim*, who are you? and from whence came you? We are Strangers newly arriv'd, answer'd *Noureddin*, and we would fain tarry here till to Morrow. This is not a proper Place for you, said *Scheich Ibrahim*; but come in with me, and I will find one fitter for you to sleep in than this; and I fancy, the Sight of the Garden, which is very fine, will please you, when you see it to Morrow by Day-Light. Is this Garden your own, said *Noureddin*? Yes, reply'd *Scheich Ibrahim*; 'tis an Inheritance left me by my Father: Pray walk in; for I'm sure you will not repent your seeing it.

Noureddin rose up to thank *Scheich Ibrahim* for the Civility he had shewn them, and afterwards the *Fair Persian* and he went into the Garden: *Scheich Ibrahim* lock'd the Door, and going before, led them to an Eminence, from whence at one Look they might almost take a View of the Grandeur, Order, and Beauty of the whole Garden.

Noureddin had seen very fine Gardens in *Balsora*, but never any comparable to this. Having satisfy'd his Curiosity in looking upon every Thing worth taking Notice of, as he was walking in one of the Allies, he turn'd about to the Officer that was with him, and ask'd him what his Name was! As soon as he told him 'twas *Scheich Ibrahim*, *Scheich Ibrahim*, said he to him, I must confess, this is a charming Garden indeed, Heaven send you long to enjoy the Pleasures of it, and we cannot sufficiently thank you for the Favour of shewing us a place so worth our seeing: However, 'tis but just that we should make you some Amends for your Kindness; therefore here are two Pieces of Gold, take them, and get us something to eat, that we may be merry together before we part.

At the Sight of the two Pieces of Gold, *Scheich Ibrahim*, who was a great Admirer of that Metal, laugh'd in his Sleeve; he took them, and leaving *Noureddin* and the *Fair Persian* by themselves, went to provide what he was sent about. As soon as he was alone, said he to himself, with abundance of Joy, these are generous People; I should highly have injur'd my self, if through Imprudence or
Rashness

Rashness I had abused and driven them hence; the tenth part of this Money will treat them like Princes, and the rest I'll keep for my Pains and Trouble.

While *Scheich Ibrahim* was gone to fetch something for his own Supper, as well as for his Guest, *Noureddin* and the *Fair Persian* took a Walk in the Garden, sometimes in one Place and sometimes in another, 'till at last they came to the Pavillion of Pictures that was in the middle of it. They stood a pretty while to admire it's wonderful Structure, Beauty and Loftiness; and after taking a full View of it on every Side, they went up a great many Steps of fine white Marble, to the Hall Door, which they found lock'd.

They were but just got to the bottom of the Steps, as *Scheich Ibrahim* returned, loaded with Provisions, *Scheich Ibrahim*, said *Noureddin*, in a great Surprize, did you not tell us that this was your Garden? I did, reply'd *Scheich Ibrahim*, and do so still: And does this magnificent Pavillion also belong to you, said *Noureddin*? *Scheich Ibrahim* was put to a Nonplus, and would not hearken to any more Questions: For, said he to himself, if I should say 'tis none of mine, he will presently ask me, how I can be Master of the Garden, and not the Pavillion? So that being willing to make them believe the Garden was his, he said the same of the Pavillion: My Son, says he, the Pavillion is not distinct from the Garden, but they both belong to me, if so, said *Noureddin*, since you are willing to let us be your Guests to Night, do us the Favour to shew us the Inside of it: For if we may judge by the outward Appearance, it must certainly be very splendid and magnificent.

It would have been a great Piece of Incivility in *Scheich Ibrahim* to have refused *Noureddin* that Favour, after the Returns he had made him: Moreover, he considered, that the Califf not having given any Notice, according to the usual Custom, it was likely he would not be there that Night, and therefore resolved to treat his Guests, and sup with them in that Room. He laid the Provisions upon the first Step, while he went to his Chamber to fetch the Key; he soon returned with a Light, and open'd the Door.

Noureddin and the *Fair Persian* enter'd the Hall, and finding it so extravagantly surprizing, could not forbear admiring the Beauty and Richness of the Place. Indeed, without saying any thing of the Pictures, which were ad-

admirably well drawn, the *Sofa's* were very noble and costly; and besides the Branch'd Candlesticks, that were fix'd to every Window, there was a Silver Sprig between each Cross-Bar, with a Wax Candle in it. *Noureddin* could not behold these Glorious Objects, which put him in Mind of his former Greatness, without sighing.

In the mean time, *Scheich Ibrahim* was getting Supper ready; and the Cloth being laid upon a *Sofa*, and every thing in order, *Noureddin*, the *Fair Persian* and he, sat down and eat together. When Supper was done, and they had wash'd their Hands, *Noureddin* open'd the Chamber, and calling the *Fair Persian* to him, Come hither, my Dear, said he, and with me admire the charming Prospect and Beauty of the Garden by Moon-Light; for certainly nothing can be more agreeable. She came to him, and they both together diverted 'emselves with that lovely Object, while *Scheich Ibrahim* was busie in taking away the Cloth.

When *Scheich Ibrahim* came to his Guests again, *Noureddin* ask'd him whither he had any good Liquor in his Lodging, to treat them with? What Liquor would you have, reply'd *Scheich Ibrahim*, *Sherbet*? I have the best in the World; but *Sherbet*, you know, my Son, is never drank after Supper.

I know that very well, said *Noureddin*, 'tis not *Sherbet*, but another sort of Liquor that we ask you for, and I am surpriz'd at your not understanding me. 'Tis Wine then I perceive you speak of, said *Scheich Ibrahim*. You have hit right, reply'd *Noureddin*, and if you have any, pray let us have a Bottle: You know a Bottle after Supper is a very proper Companion to spend the Hours with 'till Bed-time.

Heaven defend me from keeping Wine in my House! cry'd *Scheich Ibrahim*, and from ever coming into a Place where any is to be sold! A Man as I am, who has been a Pilgrimage four Times to *Mecca*, has renounc'd Wine for ever.

However, said *Noureddin*, you would do us a singular Kindness in getting a little for our own Drinking; and if it be not too much Trouble, I will put you in the way how you may do it, without ever going into the Inn, or so much as laying your Hand upon the Vessel that contains it.

it. Upon that condition I will do it, reply'd *Scheich Ibrahim*: Therefore pray let me know how I am to manage it.

Why then, said *Noureddin* to him, we just now saw an *Afs* ty'd at the Entrance of the Garden, which certainly must be yours, and which you may make use of in this Extremity: Here are two Pieces of Gold more, take them, and lead your *Afs* with the Panniers towards the next Inn; you may stand at as great a Distance as you please, do but give something to the next Passenger that comes by, and desire him to go with your *Afs* to the Inn, there load him with two Pitchers of Wine, one in one Pannier, and another in another, which we must pay for out of the Money we have given you, and so let him bring the *Afs* back to you: You will have nothing to do, but drive the beast hither before you; for we'll take the Wine out of the Panniers; and by this means you will act nothing but what you may do without any Scruple at all.

The two last Pieces of Gold that *Scheich Ibrahim* was going to receive, wrought wonderfully upon his Temper. Ah! my Son, cry'd he, after *Noureddin* had done speaking, you have contriv'd the Matter rarely; and had it not been for your Invention, I should never have found out a Way of getting you some Wine, without a little Scruple of Conscience. Away he went to execute the Orders he had received; and upon his Return, which was in a little Time, *Noureddin* went down Stairs, and taking the Wine out of the Panniers, carried it into the Hall.

Scheich Ibrahim having led the *Afs* back to the Place from whence he took him, came to them again. *Scheich Ibrahim*, said *Noureddin* to him, we cannot enough thank you for the Trouble we have already given you; but, my Friend, we want something yet. What's that? reply'd *Scheich*, is it any Thing that I can be further serviceable to you in? Why, said *Noureddin*, we have no Cups to drink out of; and a little choice Fruit, if you had any, would be very acceptable to us. Do but say what you have a Mind to, reply'd *Scheich Ibrahim*, and you shall have every thing to your Heart's Content.

Down went *Scheich Ibrahim*, and in a short Time spread a Table for them with Procelane Dishes, full of all sorts of delicious Fruits, besides a great Number of Gold and Silver Cups to drink out of; and having ask'd them if they wanted

wanted any thing else, he withdrew, tho' they press'd him earnestly to stay.

Noureddin and the *Fair Persian* sat down again, and after a Cup a-piece, they were mightily pleas'd with the Wine. Well, my Dear, said *Noureddin* to the *Fair Persian*, are we not the fortunatest Persons in the World, after so many Dangers, to meet with so charming and agreeable a Place? Come, let us be merry, and think no more on the Hardships of our Voyage. Can my Happiness be greater in this World? To have you on one side of me and my Bottle on the other. They took off their Cups pretty heartily, and diverted themselves very agreeable, in singing each of them a Song.

Both of them having very fine Voices, but especially the *Fair Persian*; *Scheich Ibrahim* who had stood hearkening a great while on the Steps, without discovering himself, was perfectly charmed with their Songs. He could contain himself no longer; bur thrusting his Head in at the Door, Courage, Sir, said he to *Noureddin*, whom he took to be quite drunk, I'm over-joy'd to see you so merry.

Ah! *Scheich Ibrahim*, cry'd *Noureddin*, turning to him, you are a glorious Man, and we are extreamly oblig'd to you. We dare not ask you to drink a Cup, but pray walk in, and let us have the Honour, at least, of your Company. Excuse me, Sir, said *Scheich Ibrahim*; the Pleasure of hearing your Songs is sufficient for me. Upon this he immediately retir'd.

The *Fair Persian* perceiving *Scheich Ibrahim*, through one of the Windows, standing upon the Steps without the Door, told *Noureddin* of it. Sir, said she, you see what an Aversion he has for Wine, yet I question not in the least to make him drink some, if you'll do as I would have you. *Noureddin* ask'd her what it was. Do but say the Word, reply'd he, and I am ready to do what you please. Prevail with him then only to come in, and bear us Company; some time after fill up a Bumper, and give it him: If he refuses it, drink it off, feign your self to be asleep, and leave the rest to me.

Noureddin quickly finding out the Drift of the *Fair Persian*'s Design, call'd to *Scheich Ibrahim*, who came again to the Door: *Scheich Ibrahim*, said he, we are your Guests:

You

You have entertain'd us after the most obliging Manner in the World, and will you now refuse us the Honour of bearing us Company? We do not ask you to drink, but only the Favour of seeing you.

Scheich Ibrahim being at last prevail'd upon, came into the Hall, and sat down upon the Edge of a *Sofa*, that stood the nearest to the Door. You do not sit well there, said *Noureddin*; besides, you are too far off, for us to converse with you: Pray come nearer, and sit you down by the Lady, since she will have it so. I will obey you, reply'd *Scheich Ibrahim*; so coming forward, with a simpering Countenance, to think he should be seated near so beautiful a Creature, he plac'd himself at some distance from the *Fair Persian*. *Noureddin* desir'd a Song of her, upon the Account of the Honour that *Scheich Ibrahim* had done them; and she sung one that charm'd him into an Extasie.

When the *Fair Persian* had ended her Song, *Noureddin* pour'd out a Cup of Wine and presented it to *Scheich Ibrahim*: *Scheich Ibrahim*, said he, here, drink this to our Healths. Sir, reply'd he, starting back, as if the very Sight of the Wine had put him into a Horror and Confusion, I beseech you to excuse me; I have already told you, that I have forsworn the use of Wine these many years. Then positively you will not drink our Healths, said *Noureddin*; however, give me leave to drink yours.

While *Noureddin* was drinking, the *Fair Persian* cut a piece of Apple, and presented it to *Scheich Ibrahim*: Tho' you refus'd drinking, said she, yet I believe you will not eating this Piece of Apple, since 'tis a very good one. *Scheich Ibrahim* had no power to refuse it from so fair a Hand; but taking it with a very low Bow, kiss'd it, and put it into his Mouth. She said a great many amorous Things upon that Occasion; and *Noureddin* tumbled back upon a *Sofa*, pretended to fall fast asleep. The *Fair Persian* presently advanc'd towards *Scheich Ibrahim*; and speaking in a very low Voice, See, said she, the sleepy Sor! Thus in all our merry Bouts he constantly serves me; and no sooner has he drank a Cup or two, but he falls asleep, and leaves me alone: But, I hope, you will have the Goodness to keep me Company till he awakes.

At this, the *Fair Persian* took a Cup, and filling it to the Brim with Wine, offer'd it to *Scheich Ibrahim*: Here, said she, drink off this to my Health; I am going to pledge you. *Scheich Ibrahim* made a great many Difficulties of the Matter at first, and beg'd her to excuse him from drinking; but at last, overcome by her Charms and Intreaties, he took the Cup, and drank every Drop of the Wine off.

The good old Man lov'd a cheruping Cup to his Heart, but was asham'd to drink among Strangers. He often went to the Tavern in private, as abundance of People do; and now his Hand being once in, without any more Ceremony, or round-about Ways, as *Noureddin* had instructed him, he goes directly to the next Inn, where he was very well known, and fetches some more Wine (the Night serving him instead of a Cloak) with the Money that *Noureddin* had order'd him to give the Messenger that went for the first.

As soon as *Scheich Ibrahim* had taken off his Cup, and made an end of the Piece of Apple, the *Fair Persian* fill'd him out another, which he received with less Difficulty than the former, but made none at all at the third. In short, he drank four Times before ever *Noureddin* discover'd his pretended Sleeping; but then bursting out into a violent Fit of Laughter, he rose up, and looking upon him, Ha! Ha! said he, *Scheich Ibrahim* are you caught at last? Did not you tell me you had forsworn Wine? And now you have drank it all up from me.

Scheich Ibrahim not expecting to be surpriz'd after that Manner, blush'd a little: However, that did not spoil his Draught; but when he had done, Sir, said he to *Noureddin* laughing, if there's any Crime in what I have done, it lies at this Fair Lady's Door, not mine: For who could possibly resist so many Charms?

The *Fair Persian*, who knew well enough what *Noureddin* would be at, took *Scheich Ibrahim*'s part: Let him talk, said she, *Scheich Ibrahim* take no Notice of him; but let us drink on, and be merry. A while after *Noureddin* fills up a Cup for himself and the *Fair Persian*: But when *Scheich Ibrahim* saw that *Noureddin* had forgot him in his turn, he took his Cup, and presenting it to the *Fair Persian*, Madam, said he, do I pretend I cannot drink now?

At

At these Words of *Scheich Ibrahim*, *Noureddin* and the *Fair Persian* were ready to split their Sides with laughing. *Noureddin* pour'd him out some Wine, and there they sat laughing, and chatting and drinking till pretty near Midnight. About that Hour the *Fair Persian* began to take Notice of there being but one Candle upon the Table, *Scheich Ibrahim*, said she to the good old Officer, methinks you might have afforded us another Candle, since there are so many Wax-Lights yonder: Pray do us the Favour to light some of them, that we may see a little better what we are a doing here.

Scheich Ibrahim making use of the Liberty that Wine gives a Man, when it gets up into the Crown-Office, and not caring to be interrupted in his Discourse with *Noureddin*, bid the *Fair Persian* light them her self; 'tis fitter for you to do it, said he, than I: But hark ye, be sure not to light above five or six; for that's enough. Up rose the *Fair Persian* immediately; and taking a Wax-Candle in her Hand, lights it with that which stood upon the Table; and without any regard to *Scheich Ibrahim*'s Order, sets fire to the whole Fourscore.

By and by, while *Scheich Ibrahim* was entertaining the *Fair Persian* with some other Discourse, *Noureddin* took his turn to desire him to light up some of the Candles in the branch'd Candlesticks, not taking Notice that all the Wax-Lights were already in a Blaze: Certainly, reply'd *Scheich Ibrahim*, you are lazier, or less vigorous than I am, that you are not able to light them your self: Get you gone; but be sure you light no more than three. To Work he went; but instead of that Number, he lighted them all, and open'd the Shutters of the Fourscore Windows, before *Scheich Ibrahim*, who was deeply engag'd with the *Fair Persian*, knew any Thing of the Matter.

The Califf *Haroun Alraschid* being not yet gone to Bed, was in a Parlour at his Palace by the River *Tygris*, from whence he could take a Side-View both of the Garden and Pavillion. By chance he open'd the Casement, and seeing the Pavillion illuminated, was mightily surpriz'd at it; and at first, by the Greatness of the Light, thought the City was on fire. The Grand Vizier *Giasar* was still with him, who only waited for his going to Rest, and then design'd to go Home too. The Califf in a great Rage call'd the Vizier to him;

him ; careless Vizier, said he, come hither, look upon the Pavillion of Pictures, and tell me the Reason of its being illuminated, now I am not there.

The Grand Vizier *Giasar*, upon this News, fell into a violent trembling, fearing something else was the Matter ; but when he came nearer, and with his own Eyes saw the Truth of what the Califf had told him, he was more astonish'd than before. However, being obliged to make some Excuse to appease the Califf's Anger, Commander of the True Believers, said he, all that I can say to your Majesty about this Matter, is, that some five or six Days ago, *Scheich Ibrahim* came to acquaint me, that he had a Design to call an Assembly of the Ministers of the Mosque, to assist at a Ceremony, he was ambitious of performing in your Majesty's auspicious Reign. I ask'd him, If I could be any way serviceable to him in this Affair : Upon which he intreated me to get Leave of your Majesty, to perform the Ceremony in the Pavillion. When he left me, I told him he might do it, and I would take care to acquaint your Majesty with it, but indeed I had quite forgot it, and I heartily ask Pardon. *Scheich Ibrahim*, continu'd he, has certainly made choice of this Day for the Ceremony, and after treating the Ministers of his Mosque, he was willing to divert them with the Sight of this Illumination.

Giasar, said the Califf with a Tone that plainly show'd his Anger was a little mollify'd, according to thy own Words, thou hast committed three Faults that are unpardonable. The first, in giving *Scheich Ibrahim* leave to perform his Ceremony in my Pavillion : For a Person in so mean an Office as his, is not worthy of so great an Honour. The second, in not acquainting me with it. And the third, in not diving into the Bottom of the good old Man's Intention. For my Part I am perswaded he only did it, to try if he could get any Money towards bearing the Charge of it ; but perhaps that never came in thy Head, and sure I shall not wrong him, in forgiving him the Expence of the Nights Illumination ; which will be some Amends for thy presenting him with nothing.

The Grand Vizier *Giasar*, over-joy'd to hear the Caliph put the Matter upon that foot, very willingly own'd the Faults he reproach'd him with, and freely confess'd he was

to

to blame, in not giving *Scheich Ibrahim* a few Pieces of Gold. Since the Case is so, added the Califf, 'tis just that thou shouldst be punish'd for thy Mistakes, but thy Punishment shall be light; thou shalt spend the Remainder of the Night as I do, with these honest Souls, whose Company I am very well pleas'd with; and while I am putting on a Citizen's Habit, go thou and disguise thy self with *Mefrour*, and come both of you along with me. The Vizier *Giasar*, told him 'twas late, and that all the Company would be gone before he could get thither; but the Califf said, he would positively go. The Vizier, who knew, that not a Syllable of what he had said, was true, began to be in a great Consternation, but there was no Reply to be made, and so he must.

The Califf, then disguised like a Citizen, with the Grand Vizier *Giasar*, and *Mefrour*, Chief of the Eunuchs, stole out of the Palace together. They rambled through the Streets of *Bagdad*, till at last they came to the Garden: The Door through the Carelessness of *Scheich Ibrahim*, was open, having forgot to shut it, when he came back from buying the Wine. The Califf was very angry at it; *Giasar*, said he to the Grand Vizier, what Excuse you have for the Door's, being open at this unseasonable Hour? Is it possible that *Scheich Ibrahim* makes a Custom of leaving it thus all Night? No, I rather believe the Hurry of the Feast has been the Occasion of this Neglect.

The Califf went into the Garden, and when he came to the Pavillion, resolving not to go into the Hall, till he knew what they were doing there, he consulted with the Grand Vizier, whether 'twas not his best way to climb up into one of the Trees that was near it, to make a Discovery. The Grand Vizier at last, casting his Eye upon the Door, perceiv'd it stood half open, and told the Califf of it. It seems *Scheich Ibrahim* had left it so, when he was prevail'd upon to come in, and bear *Nouredin* and the *Fair Persian* Company.

The Califf laying aside his first Design, stole softly up to the Hall-Door, which standing half open, he had the Convenience of seeing all the Company that were within, without being discover'd himself.

Never was any Person so surpriz'd as he, when he saw a Lady of an incomparable Beauty, and a young handsome fine-shap'd Man, sitting at the Table, with *Scheich Ibrahim* by them : *Scheich Ibrahim* had just then got a Cup in his Hand ; My dear Creature, said he to the *Fair Persian*, a right Toper never drinks without singing a brisk Tune first : If you please to hear, I will give you one of my best Songs.

Scheich Ibrahim sung, and the Califf wonder'd at it more, because 'till that very Moment he never knew any Thing of his drinking Wine, but always took him for a grave, solid Man, as he seem'd to outward Appearance. The Califf retir'd from the Door with the same Caution as he made his Approaches to it ; and coming to the Grand Vizier *Giafar*, who was standing upon the Steps a little lower, Come up, said he to him, and see if those within yonder are the Ministers of the Mosque, as you would fain have me believe.

By the Tone of the Voice, in which the Califf spoke these last Words, the Vizier understood that Things went ill on his Side ; however he went up the Steps, but when he had peep'd in at the Door, and saw them all three sitting, and in that Condition, he fell a trembling for Fear of his Life : He went back to the Califf, but in so great a Confusion, that he had not a Word to say to him. What riotous Doings are here, said the Califf to him ? Who are these People, that have presum'd to take the Liberty of diverting themselves in my Garden and Pavillion ? and how durst *Scheich Ibrahim* give them Admittance, and partake of the Diversion with them ? However, I must confess, I never saw two Persons more beautiful or better pair'd in my life, and therefore before I discover my Anger, I will inform my self a little better, and enquire who they are, and the Reason of their being here. He went to the Door again, to observe them more narrowly, and the Vizier, who follow'd, stood behind him, and fix'd his Eyes upon them. They both of them plainly heard every Word that *Scheich Ibrahim* spoke to the *Fair Persian* : Is there any thing, my charming Lady, wanting, to render the Pleasure of this Night complete ? Nothing but a Lute, reply'd the *Fair Persian*, and methinks if you could get me one, all Things would be very well. Can you play upon't, said *Scheich Ibrahim* ? Fetch me one, reply'd

reply'd the *Fair Persian*, and you shall hear whether I can or no.

Scheich Ibrahim, without stirring very far from his Place, pull'd a Lute out of a Cup-board, and presented it to the *Fair Persian*, who began to put it in Tune. The Califf, in the mean Time, turning to the Grand Vizier, *Giasar*, said he, the young Lady is going to play upon the Lute; and if she performs well, I will forgive her, and the young Man for her Sake, but as for thee, thou may'st go hang thyself. Commander of the True Believers, reply'd the Grand Vizier, if that's your Intention, I wish she may play ill. Why so, said the Califf? Because, reply'd the Grand Vizier, the longer we live in this World, the more Time we shall have to comfort our selves with the Hopes of dying in good sociable Company. The Califf, who lov'd a Jest dearly, began to laugh at this Repartee; and putting his Ear to the open Side of the Door, he listen'd to hear the *Fair Persian* play.

The *Fair Persian* made such artful Flourishes upon the Lute, that from the first Moment of her touching it, the Califf perceiv'd that she did it with a Masterly Hand. Afterwards she began to sing a Song, and suiting her Voice, which was admirable fine, to the Lute, she sung and play'd with so much Skill and Sweetness, that the Califf was quite ravish'd to hear her.

As soon as the *Fair Persian* had finish'd her Song, the Califf went down the Steps, and the Vizier *Giasar* after him: When he came to the Bottom, by my Soul, said he to the Vizier, I never heard a more charming Voice, or a Lute better touch'd in my Life. * *Isaac*, that hitherto I thought the most skilful Player in the World, does not come up to her. In short, I'm so charm'd with her Musick, that I must hear her play before me, and therefore contrive some Way how to bring it about.

Commander of the true Believers, said the Grand Vizier, if you should go in, and *Scheich Ibrahim* chance to know you, he would infallibly die with the Fright. I should be extremely concern'd at that, reply'd the Califf, and should

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be

* A famous Player on the Lute that lived at Bagdad at that time.

beloath to be the Occasion of his Death, after so many Years Service. But there's a Thought just come into my Head, how to compass my Design; stay here with *Mesrou*, and wait for me in the next Alley 'till I come.

The Neighbourhood of the *Tygris* had given the Califf the Conveniency of turning a sufficient Quantity of Water, under a stately Bridge, well tarrafs'd, into his Garden, to make a fine Canal, whither the choicest Fish of the whole River us'd to retire. The Fisher-men knew it very well, and would have given the World to fish there, but the Califf had expressly charg'd *Scheich Ibrahim*, not to suffer any of them to come near it. However that very Night, a Fisher-man passing by the Garden-Door, which the Califf had left open as he found it, made use of this Opportunity, and going in, went directly to the Canal.

The Fisher-man immediately tell to Work with his Casting-Net, and was just ready to draw them, when the Califf fearing what would be the Effect of *Schiech Ibrahim's* Negligence, but willing to make use of it to bring his Design about, came to the same Place. The Fisher-man, in Spite of his Disguise, knew him, and throwing himself at his Feet, humbly implor'd his Pardon, and excus'd himself upon the Account of his Poverty. Rise, saith the Califf and be not afraid, only draw your Nets, that I may see what Fish you have got.

The Fisher-man, recover'd of his Fright, quickly obey'd the Califf's Orders. He drew out five or six very large Fishes; and the Caliph chusing the two biggest, ty'd them together by the Head, with a Sprig of a Tree. After this, said he to the Fisher-man, give me thy Clothes, and here take mine. The Exchange was soon made, and the Califf being dress'd like a Fisher-man, even to his Boots and Turbant; take thy Nets, said he to the Fisher-man, and get thee about thy Business.

When the Fisher-man, very well pleas'd with his good Fortune, was gone, the Califf taking the two Fishes in his Hand, went to look after the Grand Vizier *Giasar* and *Mesrou*; he made a full stop at the Grand Vizier, who not knowing him, ask'd him what he wanted, and bid him go about his Business. Upon this the Califf fell a laughing, by which the Vizier finding it to be him, Commander of the true Believers, said he, is it possible it can be you? I know
you

You not, and I ask a thousand Pardons for my Rudeness. You are so strangely disguis'd now, that without any Fear of being discover'd by *Scheich Ibrahim*, you may venture into the Hall. Stay you here with *Mesrour*, said the Califf while I go yonder and play my part.

The Califf went up to the Hall, and knock'd at the Door. *Noureddin* hearing him first, told *Scheich Ibrahim* of it, who ask'd, who was there? The Califf open'd the Door, and stepping out a little Way into the Hall, to show himself: *Scheich Ibrahim*, said he, I am the Fisher-man *Keram*, who being informed of your Design, to treat some of your Friends, have bought two very large Fishes, fresh caught, to see if you have any Occasion for them.

Noureddin and the *Fair Persian*, mightily pleas'd to hear him name Fish, pray, said she to *Scheich Ibrahim*, let him come in, that we may look upon it. *Scheich Ibrahim*, by this Time, was incapable of asking this counterfeit Fisher-man, how, or which Way he came thither; but his whole Design being only to oblige the *Fair Persian*, with much ado, he turns his Head towards the Door, being quite drunk, and in a stammering Tone, calling to the Califf, whom he took to be a Fisher-man, Come hither thou Nightly Thief, said he, and let's see what thou hast got.

The Califf went forwards, and counterfeiting all the Humours and Actions of a Fisher-man to a Nicety, presented them with the two Fishes. These are very fine ones indeed, said the *Fair Persian*, and if they were well order'd, and delicately dress'd, I should be glad to eat some of them. The Lady's in the right on't, answer'd *Scheich Ibrahim*, but what a plague can we do with your Fish, unless it was dress'd? Go, dress it thy self, and bring it to us; thou wilt find every Thing necessary for thee, in my Kitchen.

The Califf went back to the Grand Vizier; *Giasar*, said he, I have been very well receiv'd, but they want the Fish to be dress'd: I will take care to dress it my self, said the Grand Vizier, and they shall have it in a Moment. Nay, reply'd the Califf, so eager am I to accomplish my Design, that I will take abundance of Pains about it too; for since I have personated the Fisher-man so well, sure I can play the Cook for once, besides in my younger Days, I

dealt a little in Cookery, and always came off with flying Colours. In saying these Words, he went directly towards *Scheich Ibrahim's* Lodgings, and the Grand Vizier, and *Mefour* followed him.

All three of them presently fell to Work, and tho' *Scheich Ibrahim's* Kitchin was not very large, yet there was every Thing in it that they wanted. The Fish was quickly cook'd, and the Califf served it up, putting to every one's Plate a Lemon to squeeze, if they thought it proper, into the Sauce. They all eat very heartily, but especially *Noureddin*, and the *Fair Persian*; and the Califf sat down with them at the lower End of the Table.

As soon as the repast was over, *Noureddin*, looking upon the Califf, Fisher-man, said he, there never was better Fish eaten, and you have done us the greatest Favour in the World. At the same Time, putting his Hand into his Bosom, and pulling out a Purse of thirty Pieces of Gold, the Remainder of the forty that *Sangiar*, Gentleman-Usher to the King of *Balsora*, had given him just upon his Departure: Here, said he to him, take it, and if I had any more, thou should'st have it: Had I known thee in my Prosperity, I would have taken care of securing thee from ever wanting: Do not refuse the small Present I make thee, but accept of it as kindly, as if it was as much greater.

The Califf took the Purse, and perceiving by the Weightiness that it was all Gold: Sir, said he to him, I cannot enough thank you for your Liberality, and I think my self very Fortunate in having to do with a Person of your Generosity; but before I take my Leave, I have a Favour to ask, which I beg you not to deny me. Yonder is a Lute, which makes me believe, that the Lady understands playing upon it, and if you can prevail with her to play but one Tune, I shall go away the best satisfy'd in the World; for a Lute, Sir, is an Instrument I greatly admire.

Fair Persian, said *Noureddin*, immediately addressing himself to her, I ask that Favour of you, and I hope you will not refuse me. She took up the Lute, without more Entreaties, and putting of it presently in Tune, play'd and sang with such an Air, as charm'd the very Soul of the Califf with it's Harmony: Afterwards she play'd upon the Lute without singing, but with so much Skill and Softness, that transported him into an Extacy of Joy.

When

When the *Fair Persian* had given over playing, the Califf cry'd out, What a Voice ! what a Hand ! what Skill is here ! Was there ever finer singing or better playing upon the Lute ? Never was there any heard or seen like it.

Noureddin, who was a Person of Breeding, and always return'd the Compliment that was made him; Fisher-man, said he, I find thou hast some Taste of Musick, since thou'rt delighted with her Performance ; and if thou likest her, she's thine, I make thee a Present of her. At the same Time he rose up, and taking his Robe which he had laid by, was for going away, and leaving the Califf, whom he believed to be no other than the Fisher-man, in Possession of the *Fair Persian*.

The *Fair Persian* was extremely surprized at *Noureddin's* Liberality ; she took hold of him, and looking very wishfully at him, whither, Sir, said she, are you going : Sit down in your Place, I entreat you, and hearken to the Song I am going to sing and play. He did as she desir'd him, and then the *Fair Persian* touching the Lute, and looking upon him with Tears in her Eyes, sung some Verses that she had made *extempore*, to reproach him with his indifference, and the Easiness as well as Cruelty of resigning her to *Kerim* : She only hinted, without explaining her self any farther to a Fisher-man as *Kerim* was, for she was ignorant of his being the Califf, as well as *Noureddin*. When she had done playing, she put the Lute down by her, and clapp'd a Handkerchief to her Face to hide the Tears she could not help shedding.

Noureddin made no Answer to all these Reproaches, but by his Silence seem'd to declare he did not repent of what he had done. The Califf surpriz'd at what he had newly heard, Sir, said he, as far as I see this beautiful Lady, that so generously you have made me a Present of just now, is your Slave, and you are her Master. 'Tis very true, *Kerim*, reply'd *Noureddin*, and thou wilt be more surpriz'd than thou art now, should I tell thee all the Misfortunes that have happen'd to me upon her Account. Ah ! I beseech you, Sir, reply'd the Califf, still behaving himself like a Fisher-man, oblige me so far, as to let me hear part of your Story.

Noureddin, who had already oblig'd him in several Things of a higher Nature than this, was so complaisant as to relate the whole Story to him. He began with his Father's buying the *Fair Persian* for the King of *Balsora*, and omitted nothing of what he had done, or what had happen'd to him from that Time, to their Arrival at *Bagdad*, and since to that very Moment he was talking to him.

When *Noureddin* had ended his Story, whither are you going now, said the Califf? Even where Heaven shall direct me, answer'd *Noureddin*. Believe me, reply'd the Califf, you shall go no further, but, on the contrary, return to *Balsora*; I'll go write a short Letter, which you shall give to the King in my Name; you shall see upon the reading it he will give you a very handsome Reception, and no body will dare speak against you.

Kerim, said *Noureddin*, what thou hast told me is very unaccountable and singular; prithee didst thou ever hear of a poor Fisher-man, as thou art, had any Correspondence with a King? Be not astonish'd at that, reply'd the Califf: You must know then, that we both study'd together under the same Masters, and were always the best Friends in the World: 'Tis true Fortune has not been equally favourable to us both; she has made him a King, and me but a Fisher-man. However, this Inequality has not at all lessen'd our Friendship. He has often express'd a Readiness and Desire to advance my Fortune, but I always refus'd it; and am better pleas'd with the Satisfaction of knowing that he never will deny me whatever I ask for the Service and Advantage of my Friends: Let me do then, and you shall see the Success.

Noureddin consented to what the Califf had propos'd: And there being every thing necessary for writing in the Hall, the Califf wrote a Letter to the King of *Balsora*: At the Top of which, pretty near the Edge of the Paper, he placed the Set-Form, in three small Characters, *In the Name of the most Merciful God*, to shew he would be absolutely obey'd.

The LETTER of Califf *Haroun Alraschid* to the King of *Balsora*.

HAROUN Alraschid, Son of Mandi, sends this Letter to Mohammed Zinebi, his Cousin, greeting. As soon as Noureddin, Son to the late Vizier Khacan, the Bearer, has deliver'd you this Letter, and you have read it, pull off thy royal Mantle, put it upon his Shoulders, and place him in thy Seat: Fail not. So

FAREWELL.

The Califf folded up the Letter, and seal'd it, and giving it to Noureddin, without saying any thing of what was in it, Go, said he, and imbark immediately in a Vessel that's ready to go off (as there did constantly every Day at the same Hour) you may sleep when you are abroad.

Noureddin took the Letter, and away he went with the little Money he had about him, when Sangiar gave him his Purse; and the Fair Persian, distracted with Grief at his Departure, retir'd by her self to one of the Sofas, and fell a weeping bitterly.

Noureddin was scarce gone out of the Hall, when Schisch Ibrahim, who had been silent during the Transaction of this Affair, looking stedfastly upon the Califf, whom he still believ'd to be the Fisher-man, Harkee, said he, Kerim, thou hast brought us two Fishes, that are worth twenty Pieces of Leather or more, and thou hast got a Purse and a Slave: But dost thou think to have it all to thy self? I here declare, that I will go halves with thee in the Slave; and as for the Purse, shew me what's in the Inside; if 'tis Silver, thou shalt have one Piece for thy self; but if 'tis Gold, I'll have it all, and in exchange, give thee some Pieces of Leather I have in my Pocket.

For the better understanding of what follows, said Scheherazade, interrupting her self here, we must observe to you, that the Califf, before his serving up the Fish, had dispatch'd the Grand Vizier Giasar to his Palace, with Orders to get four Slaves with a rich Habit, and to wait on the other Side of the Pavillion, till he give a Signal with his Finger against

against the Window. The Grand Vizier perform'd his Commission, and he, *Mefrour*, and the four Slaves, waited at the appointed Place expecting the Sign.

But to return to my Story, said the Sultaneſs, The Califf, ſtill perſonating the Fiſherman, answer'd *Scheich Ibrahim* very boldly, I know not what there is in the Purſe, Gold or Silver; which ever 'tis, you ſhall freely go my Halves; but as to the Slave, I will have her all to my ſelf: And if you will not accept of theſe Conditions, you ſhall have nothing at all.

Scheich Ibrahim, enrag'd to the laſt degree at this Inſolence, conſidering him only as a Fiſher-man, ſnatch'd up one of the *China* Diſhes, and flung it at the Califf's Head: The Califf eaſily avoided the Blow, being thrown by a Perſon in Drink; but the Diſh ſtriking againſt the Wall, was daſh'd into a thouſand Pieces. *Scheich Ibrahim* having miſs'd his Aim, grew more enrag'd, and catching up the Candle that ſtood upon the Table, roſe from his Seat, and ſtaggering along, went down a Back Pair of Stairs to look after a Cane.

The Califf made uſe of this Opportunity, and ſtriking his Hands againſt the Window, the Grand Vizier, *Mefrour*, and the four Slaves were with him in a Trice, who quickly pull'd off the Fiſher-man's Cloaths, and put him on the Habit they had brought. They had not quite dress'd the Califf, but they were very buſie about him (who had ſeated himſelf upon the Throne that was in the Hall) when *Scheich Ibrahim*, ſpurr'd on by Intereſt, came back, with a ſwinging Cane in his Hand, with which he deſign'd to pay the pretended Fiſher-man ſoundly; but inſtead of finding him, he ſaw his Cloaths in the middle of the Hall, and the Califf upon his Throne, with the Grand Vizier and *Mefrour* on each Side of him. He ſtood a while gazing upon this unexpected Sight, doubting whether he was awake or aſleep. The Califf fell a laughing at this Aſtoniſhment; and calling to him, *Scheich Ibrahim*, ſaid he, what doſt want? Who doſt look after?

Scheich Ibrahim no longer donbring that it was the Califf, immediately threw himſelf at his Feet, with his Face to the Ground: Commander of the true Believers, cry'd he, your vile Slave has offended you; but he implores your Clemency, and asks a thouſand Pardons for his Offence.

fence. As soon as the Slaves had made an End of dressing him, he came down from his Throne, and advancing towards him, rise, said he, I forgive thee.

Afterwards the Califf address'd himself to the *Fair Persian*, who had suspended her Sorrow as soon as she understood that the Garden and Pavillion belong'd to that Prince, and not to *Scheich Ibrahim*, as he had all along made her believe, and that it was he himself disguised in the Fisher-man's Cloaths: *Fair Persian*, said he, rise and follow me. By what you have lately seen, you ought to know who I am, and to believe, that I am above taking any Advantage of *Noureddin's* Humour, who with a Generosity not to be parallell'd, has made me a Present of your Person. I have sent him to *Balsora* to be King there; and when I have dispatch'd some Business necessary for his Establishment, you shall also go thither, and be a Queen. In the mean Time, I am going to order an Apartment for you in my Palace, where you shall be treated according to your Desert.

This Discourse put the *Fair Persian* in Heart again, and comforted her after a very sensible Manner. The Joy of *Noureddin's* Advancement, whom she passionately lov'd, to so high an Honour, made her sufficient Amends for her Affliction. The Califf kept his Promise, and recommended her to the Care of his Lady *Zobeide*, whom he acquainted with the Esteem he had lately entertain'd for *Noureddin*.

Noureddin's return to *Balsora* was more fortunate, and speedier by some Days than he could have expected. Upon his Arrival without visiting any of his Friends or Relations, he went directly to the Palace, where the King at that Time was giving publick Audience. He press'd thro' the Crowd, with the Letter held up in his Hand, who presently made Way for him to come forward, and deliver it. The King took and open'd it, and his Colour chang'd in reading it: He kiss'd it thrice, and was just about to obey the Califf's Orders, when he bethought himself of shewing it to the Vizier *Saony Noureddin's* irreconcilable Enemy.

Saony, who had discover'd *Noureddin*, and begun to think with himself with a great deal of Uneasiness, what might be the Design of his Coming, was no less surpris'd
that:

than the King, at the Order contain'd in the Letter: And being as much concern'd in it, he thought upon a Way that very Moment how to evade it: He therefore pretended not to have read the Letter quite through, and desiring a second View of it: He turn'd himself a little on one Side, as if he wanted a better Light; and without being perceiv'd by any Body, dextrously tore off the Set-form, that shew'd the Califf would be absolutely obey'd, from the Top of it, and putting it into his Mouth, swallowed it down.

After this notorious Piece of Villany, *Saouy* turn'd to the King, and giving him the Letter, Sir, said he to him, in a low Voice, what does your Majesty intend to do? What the Califf has commanded me, reply'd the King. Have a care, Sir, said the wicked Vizier, what you do. 'Tis true, this is the Califf's Hand, but the Set-Form is not to it. The King had observ'd that very well: But in the Confusion he was in, he thought his Eyes deceiv'd him when he saw 'twas gone.

Sir, continu'd the Vizier, we have no reason to doubt, but that the Califf, upon the Complaints he has made against your Majesty and me, has granted him this Letter, purely to get rid of him, not with any Intention of having the Order contained in it, executed. Besides, we must consider, he has sent no Express with the Patent; and without that, the Order is of no Force. And since a King of your Majesty's Grandeur, was never depos'd without that Formality, let who will bring such a Letter as this, it ought not to be put in Execution. Your Majesty may depend upon what I have said: And how dangerous soever the Consequence of disobeying this Order may be, I will take it all upon my self.

King *Zinebi*, easily perswaded by this pernicious Counsel, left *Noureddin* intirely to the Discretion of the Vizier *Saouy*, who led him to his House after a very insulting Manner: where, after causing him to be bastinado'd till he was almost dead, he order'd him to a Prison, where he commanded them to put him into the darkest Dungeon, with a strict Charge to the Jailor to give him nothing but Bread and Water.

When *Noureddin*, sadly bruis'd with the Strokes, came to himself, and found in what a nasty Dungeon he was in, he bewail'd his Misfortunes after the most pathetick

Man.

Manner imaginable. Ah! Fisher-man, cry'd he, how hast thou cheated me! and how easie have I been in believing thee! Could I, after the Civility I shew'd thee, expect so inhuman and barbarous an Usage! However, may Heaven reward thee: For I cannot perswade myself, that thy Intention was so base, and I will with Patience wait the End of my Afflictions.

The poor disconsolate *Noureddin* remain'd six whole Days in this miserable Condition; and *Saouy* did not forget that he had confin'd him there: But being resolv'd to put him to a shameful Death, and not daring to do it by his own Authority, to accomplish his villainous Design, he order'd some of his Slaves to prepare some very rich Presents, which he, at the Head of them, went and presented to the King. Behold, Sir, said he, what the New King has sent you upon his Accession to the Crown, and begs your Majesty to accept of it.

The King taking the Matter just as *Saouy* intended it: What, reply'd he, is that Wretch still living! I thought you had put him to death already. Sir, I have no Power, answer'd the Vizier, to take any Person's Life away, that only belongs to your Majesty. Go, said the King, behead him instantly: I give you full Authority. Sir, reply'd the Vizier *Saouy*, I am infinitely oblig'd to your Majesty for the Justice you do me: But since *Noureddin* has publickly affronted me, I humbly beg the Favour, that his Execution may be performed before the Palace, and that the Criers may publish it in every Quarter of the City, that every Body may be satisfied he has made a sufficient Reputation for the Affront. The King granted his Request; and the Criers, in performing their Office, diffused an universal Sorrow through the whole City. The Memory of his Father's Vertues being yet very fresh among them, there was no Body could hear of the ignominious Death the Son was going to suffer, through the Villany and Instigation of the Vizier *Saouy*, without Horror and Indignation.

Saouy went in Person to the Prison, accompanied with twenty Slaves, his Ministers of Cruelty, who took *Noureddin* out of the Dungeon, and put him upon a shabby Horse without a Saddle. When *Noureddin* saw himself in the Hands of his Enemy; Thou triumph'st now, said he,

he, but thou abusest thy Power: Yet I have still some Confidence in the Truth of what is written in one of our Books; *You judge unjustly, and in a little Time you shall be judged your self.* The Vizier *Saony*, who really triumphed in his Heart, What! Insolent, said he, darest thou insult me yet! But go, I pardon thee, and care not whatever happens to me, so I have the Pleasure of seeing thee lose thy Head in the publick View of all *Balsora*. Thou oughtest also to remember what another of our Books says, *What signifies dying the next Day the Death of his Enemy.*

The Vizier still implacable, and full of Malice, surrounded by one Part of his Slaves in Arms, order'd *Noureddin* to be conducted by the other towards the Palace. The People were ready to fall upon him as he went along; and if any Body had set them an Example, they would certainly have ston'd him to Death. When he had brought him to the Place of Suffering, which was in sight of the King's Apartment, he left him in the Executioner's Hands, and went strait to the King, who was in his Closet, ready to glut his Eyes with the bloody Spectacle he had prepar'd.

The King's Guard and Vizier's Slaves, which made a Circle round *Noureddin*, had much ado to withstand the People, who made all the Efforts possible, but in vain, to break through them, and carry him off by Force. The Executioner coming up to him, Sir, said he, I hope you will forgive me, I am but a Slave, and cannot help doing my Duty. If you have no occasion for any Thing, I beseech you, prepare your self; for the King is just going to give me Orders to strike the Blow.

The Poor unfortunate *Noureddin*, at that Cruel Moment, looking round upon the People, Will no charitable Body, cry'd he, bring me a little Water to quench my Thirst! Which immediately they did, and handed it up to him upon the Scaffold. The Vizier *Saony*, perceiving this Delay, call'd out to the Executioner from the King's Closet-Window, where he had planted himself, Strike, what dost thou stay for? At these barbarous and inhuman Words, the whole Place echo'd with loud Imprecations against him: And the King, jealous of his Authority, made it appear, by ordering him to stay a while, that he

was angry at his Presumption. But there was another Reason: For the King that very Moment casting his Eyes up into a large Street that fac'd him, and join'd to the Place of Execution, he saw about the Middle of it a Troop of Horsemen come gallopping full speed towards the Palace. Vizier, said the King immediately, look yonder: What's the meaning of those Horsemen? *Saouy*, who knew not what it might be, earnestly press'd the King to give the Executioner the Sign. No, reply'd the King, I'll first see who those Horsemen are: It was the Vizier *Giafar*, with his Train, who came in Person from *Bagdad*, by the Califf's Order.

To make the Occasion of this Minister's coming to *Balsora* a little plainer, we must observe, that after *Noureddin's* Departure with the Califf's Letter, the Califf the next Day, nor several Days after, ever thought of sending the Patent that he mention'd to the *Fair Persian*: He happen'd one Day to be in the Inner Palace, which was the Womens, and passing by the Apartment, he heard the Sound of a fine Voice: He listened to it, and he had no sooner heard the Words of one complaining for the Absence of some Body, but he ask'd the Officer of the Eunuchs that attended him, who that woman was that belonged to that Apartment? The Officer told him, it was the young Stranger's Slave, whom he had sent to *Balsora* to be King in the Room of *Mohammed Zinebi*.

Ah! poor *Noureddin*, cry'd the Califf presently, I had forgot thee; but haste, said he to the Officer, and bid *Giafar* come to me. The Vizier was with him in an Instant. As soon as he came, *Giafar*, said he, I have hitherto neglected sending the Patent to *Noureddin*, which was to confirm him King of *Balsora*; but we have no Time now to draw up one: Therefore immediately take Post-Horses, and with some of your Servants, make what haste you can to *Balsora*: If *Noureddin* is dead, and put to Death by them, order the Vizier *Saouy* to be hanged; but if he is living, bring him to me with the King and the Vizier.

The Grand Vizier stay'd no longer than just the Time of getting on Horse-back: And being attended by a great Train of Officers belonging to his House, he set forward for *Balsora*, where he arrived after the Manner, and at the
Time

Time we have already mentioned. As soon as he came to the Palace-Yard, the People cleared the Way for him, crying out, A Pardon for *Noureddin*; and with his whole Train he rode into the Palace, even to the very Stairs, where he alighted.

The King of *Balsora* knowing him to be the Califf's chief Minister, went to meet him, and receiv'd him at the Entrance of his Apartment. The first Question the Vizier asked, was, If *Noureddin* was living? And if he was, that he might be sent for. The King made Answer he was alive, and gave Orders to have him brought in. Accordingly he soon made his Appearance as he was, ty'd and bound with Cords. The Grand Vizier *Giafar* caus'd him to be unty'd, and setting him at Liberty, order'd the Vizier *Saouy* to be seiz'd, and bound with the same Cords.

The Grand Vizier *Giafar* lay but one Night in *Balsora*: The next Day he set out again for *Bagdad*; and, according to the Order he had receiv'd, carry'd *Saouy*, the King of *Balsora*, and *Noureddin* along with him. As soon as he came to *Bagdad*, he presented them all to the Califf: And after he had given him an Account of his Journey, and particularly of the miserable Condition he found *Noureddin* in, and that all his ill Usage was purely by the Advice and Malice of *Saouy*; the Califf prefer'd *Noureddin* to behead the Vizier himself. Commander of the true Believers, said *Noureddin*, notwithstanding the Injury this wicked Man has done me, and the Mischief he endeavour'd to do my deceased Father, I should think my self the Basest of Mankind, if I had stain'd my Hands with his Blood. The Califf was extremely pleas'd with his Generosity, and order'd Justice to be done by the Executioner's Hand.

The Califf would fain have sent *Noureddin* back to *Balsora*, to have been King there, but *Noureddin* humbly begged to be excus'd from accepting of this Offer. Commander of the true Believers, said *Noureddin*, the City of *Balsora*, after the Misfortunes that have happen'd to me there, is so much my Aversion, and will always continue to be so, that I beseech your Majesty to give me Leave to keep the Oath I have made, of never returning thither again. And I shall think it my greatest Glory to do you some Services

vices near your Royal Person, if you are pleased to allow me the Honour. The Califf consented to it; and placing him among the Number of those Courtiers who were his greatest Favourites, restored the *Fair Persian* to him again. To all these Favours, he added a plentiful Fortune, and he and the *Fair Persian* liv'd together to their dying Day, with all the Satisfaction they both could desire.

As for the King of *Balsora*, the Califf contented himself with only letting him see how careful he ought to be in the Choice of his Viziers, and so sent him back into his Kingdom.

The Story of B E D E R Prince of Persia, and G I A H A U R E. Princess of Samandal.

P*ersia* is a Country of so vast Extent, that their ancient Monarchs have, not without some Colour of Reason, assum'd the haughty Title of *King of Kings*. For, not to mention those subdu'd by their Arms, there are whole Kingdoms and Provinces, whose Kings are not only tributary but also in as great Subjection to them, as petty Governours in other Nations are to Kings.

Some Ages ago, one of these Kings, who in the beginning of his Reign had signaliz'd himself by many glorious and successful Conquests, enjoy'd so profound a Peace and Tranquillity, as render'd him the happiest of Monarchs. The only thing in which he could be term'd unfortunate, was, that amongst all his Mistresses, not one of them ever brought him a Son; and being now far advanced in Years, he was desirous of an Heir to succeed him after his Death. However, he had above an hundred Ladies, all lodged in separate Apartments, after a magnificent Manner, with Women-Slaves and Eunuchs to wait upon, and take Care of them. Yet notwithstanding all his Endeavours to please and humour them in every thing, there was not one that answer'd his Expectation. He had Women very often brought him from the most remote Countries, and if they pleas'd him, he not only gave the Merchants their full price at first Word, but treated them with all the Respect and Civility imaginable, and by considerable Presents oblig'd them still to bring others, flattering himself that at last he might

might be so happy, as to meet with one by whom he might have a Son. There was scarce an Act of Charity but what he perform'd, fancying by that Means to prevail with Heaven. He gave immense Sums to the Poor, besides large Donatives to the Religious of his own Perswasion, building for their Use many noble Colleges richly endow'd, in Hopes of obtaining by their Prayers what he earnestly desir'd.

One Day, according to the Custom of his Royal Predecessors, during their Residence in their capital City, he gave his Mistresses a Ball, at which all the Ambassadors, and Strangers of Quality about the Court, were present, and where they not only entertained one another with talking of News and Politicks, but also of Learning, History, Poetry, and whatever else was capable of diverting the Understanding after the most agreeable Manner. 'Twas upon that Day, that an Eunuch came to acquaint him with the Arrival of a certain Merchant from a far Country, who, having brought a Slave along with him, desir'd leave to show her to his Majesty. Give him Admittance instantly, says the King, and after the Ball is done, I will talk with him: The Merchant was introduc'd, and seated in a convenient Place, from whence he might easily have a full View of the King, and hear him talk with abundance of Familiarity to those that stood near his Person. The King was extremely Civil in his Conversation with Strangers, with a design that by Degrees they might grow acquainted with him; so when they saw with what Freedom and Civility he address'd himself to the whole Assembly, they took Courage, and began to discourse with him also, without being the least surpriz'd at the dazzling Pomp and Splendor of his Appearance, which was enough to deprive those of their Power of Speech, that were not us'd to such glorious Sights. He treated the Ambassadors also after the same Manner. First, he eat with them, and during the Repast, he ask'd them several Questions concerning their Health of their Voyage, and the Affairs of their Country; and after they had been encouraged by this generous Entertainment, he gave them Audience.

When the Ball was over, and all the Company retir'd, the Merchant who, was the only Person left, fell prostrate before

before the King's Throne, with his Face to the Earth; wishing his Majesty an Accomplishment of all his Desires. As soon as he rose up, the King ask'd him if the News of his having brought a Slave for him was true, and whether she was handsome?

Sir, reply'd the Merchant, I doubt not in the least but that your Majesty has very beautiful Women, since you search every Corner of the Earth for them; but I may boldly affirm without over-valuing my Merchandize, that you never yet saw a Woman that could stand in Competition with her for Shape and Beauty; besides a thousand other agreeable Qualifications that she is Mistress of. Where is she, says the King? Bring her to me instantly. Sir, reply'd the Merchant, I have deliver'd her into the Hands of one of your chief Eunuchs, and your Majesty may send for her at your Pleasure.

The *Fair Slave* was immediately brought in, and no sooner had the King cast his Eyes on her, but the Genteelness of her Mein and Shape charm'd him. He went presently into his Closet, whither the Merchant, with a few Eunuchs, follow'd him. The *Fair Slave* wore a red Satin Veil, strip'd with Gold, over her Face; and when the Merchant had taken it off, the King of *Persia* beheld a Lady that surpass'd in Beauty, not only his present Mistresses, but even all that ever he kept before. In short, he immediately fell passionately in Love with her, and bid the Merchant name his Price.

Sir, said he, I gave a thousand Pieces of Gold to the Persons of whom I bought her, and in my three Years Journey to your Court, I reckon I have spent as much; but I shall forbear setting any Price to so great a Monarch; and therefore if your Majesty likes her, I humbly beg you would accept of her as a Present. I am highly oblig'd to thee, reply'd the King; but it is never my Custom to treat Merchants, who came hither purely for my Pleasure, after so ungenerous a Manner, I am going to order thee Ten thousand Pieces of Gold, therefore speak, whether thou art pleas'd with that Sum, or not? Sir, answer'd the Merchant, tho' I should have esteem'd my self very happy in your Majesty's Acceptance of her for nothing, yet dare not refuse so generous an Offer. I shall take care to publish it, not only
in

in my own Country, but also in every Place through which I pass. The Money was presently paid him; and before he stirr'd out of his Presence, the King made him put on a rich Suit of Cloth of Gold.

The King caus'd the *Fair Slave* to be lodg'd in the finest Apartment next his own, and gave particular Orders to the Matrons, and the Women-Slaves appointed to attend her, that after Bathing they should dress her in the richest Cloaths the Kingdom afforded. He also commanded them to carry her some Pearl-Necklaces, with abundance of Diamonds, and other precious Stones, that she might have the Liberty of choosing those she lik'd best.

The officious Matrons, whose only Care was to please the King, were astonish'd with Admiration at her Beauty; and being well skill'd in that Affair, they told his Majesty, That if he would allow them but three Days, they would engage to make her so much handsomer than she was at present, that he should scarce know her again. The King at first was very loath to defer the Pleasure of Enjoyment so long, but at last he consented, upon Condition they would be as good as their Word.

The King of *Persia's* Capital was situated in an Island, and his Palace which was very magnificent, was built upon the Sea-shore; his Apartment look'd upon that Element, and the *Fair Slave's*, which was pretty near it, had also the same Prospect, that it was the more agreeable, upon the Account of the Sea's bearing almost against the Foot of the Wall.

At the three Days End, the *Fair Slave*, gloriously dress'd and set off, was alone in her Chamber, sitting upon a Sofa, and leaning against one of the Windows that fac'd the Sea, when the King, being inform'd that he might visit her, came in. The Slave hearing some Body walk in the Room, without an Air quite different from that of the Women-Slaves, who had hitherto attended her immediately, turn'd her Head about to see who it was, she knew him to be the King; but without discovering the least Surprise, or so much as rising from her Seat, to salute or receive him, as if he had been the meanest Person in the World, she put herself in the same Posture again.

The

The King of *Persia* was extremely surpriz'd to see a Slave of so beauteous a Form so very ignorant of the World. He attributed this Piece of ill Breeding to the Narrowness of her Education, and the little Care that was taken of Instructing her at first in the Rules of Civility and good Manners. He went to her at the Window, where, notwithstanding the Coldness and Indifferency with which she had just now receiv'd him, she suffer'd her self to be admir'd, caress'd, and embrac'd, as much as he pleas'd.

In the Midst of these amorous Embraces, and tender Endearments, this Monarch paus'd a while, to gaze upon, or rather to devour her with his Eyes: My Goddes! My Angel! My Charmer! cry'd the King; Whence came you? And where do those happy Parents live, that brought into the World so surprizing a Master-piece of Nature as you are? Ah! how I adore you, and my Passion shall continue the same. Never did I feel for a Woman what I now suffer for you: And tho' I have seen, and do see every Day, a vast number of Beauties, yet never did my Eyes behold so many Charms in one single Person, which have so transported me out of my self, that I am no longer at my own, but intirely at your Disposal. My dearest Life, continu'd he, you neither answer me, nor by any visible Token give me the least Reason to believe that you are sensible of the many Demonstrations I have given you of the Violence of my Passion; neither will you turn your Eyes on me, to afford mine the Pleasure of meeting them with an amorous Glance, and to convince you that 'tis impossible to love more than I do you. Why will you still keep this obstinate Silence, which freezes me to Death? And whence proceeds this Seriousness, or rather Sorrow, that torments me to the Soul? Do you mourn for your Country? Your Friends, or your Relations? Alas! Is not the King of *Persia*, who loves and adores you, capable of comforting, and making you Amends for the Loss of every Thing in the World?

What Protestation of Love soever the King of *Persia* made the *Fair Slave*, to oblige her to speak to him, she continu'd her astonishing Reservedness, and keeping her Eyes still fix'd upon the Ground, would not so much as open her Lips.

The

The King of *Persia*, charm'd with the Purchase he had made of a Slave that pleas'd him so well, press'd her no further, in hopes that by treating her civilly, he might prevail upon her to change her Mind. He presently gave the usual Sign to the Women that waited in an outward Room: As soon as they enter'd, he commanded them to bring in Supper. When it was on the Table, my Dear said he to the Slave, come hither, and sup with me. She rose up from her Seat, and being plac'd over against the King, his Majesty help'd her, before he began eating himself; and so he did of every Dish during the whole Supper. The Slave eat as well as the King, but still with down-cast Eyes, and without speaking a Word, tho' he often ask'd her, how she lik'd the Entertainment, and whether it was dress'd according to her Taste?

The King, willing to change the Discourse, ask'd her, What her Name was? how she lik'd the Cloaths and the Jewels she had on? what she thought of her Apartment, and the rich Furniture, and whether the Prospect of the Sea was not very agreeable and charming? But to all these Questions she answer'd not a Word; so that the King was at a loss what to think of her Silence. He imagin'd at first, that perhaps she might be Dumb: But then, said he to himself, can it be possible that Heaven should form a Creature so beautiful, so perfect and so accomplish'd, yet, at the same Time, with so great an Imperfection? However I cannot cease Loving with a less Passion than I do.

When the King of *Persia* rose from the Table, he wash'd his Hands on one side, while the *Fair Slave* wash'd hers on the other. He took that Time to ask the Women that held the Basin and the Towel, if ever they had heard her speak. One of them presently made answer, Sir, we have neither seen her open her Lips, nor heard her speak any more than your Majesty has just now; we have taken Care of her in the Bath, we have comb'd and dress'd her Head, put on her Cloaths, and waited upon her in her Chamber, but she has never open'd her Lips, so much as to say that's well, or I like this: We have often ask'd her, Madam, do you want any Thing? Let us know what you would have? Do but ask, and we are ready to get it for you; but we have never yet been able to draw a Word from her; so that we cannot tell whether

whether her Silence proceeds from Pride, Sorrow, Stupidity, or Dumbness; and this is all we can inform your Majesty of.

The King of *Persia* was more astonish'd at hearing this, than he was before: However, believing the Slave might have some Reasons for her Sorrow, he was willing to endeavour to divert it, and make her merry. Accordingly he made a very splendid Ball, to which all the fine Ladies of the Court came, and those who were skilful in playing upon musical Instruments show'd their Parts whilst others sung or danc'd, or did both together: In short, they play'd at a great many Sorts of Games, which mightily diverted the King. The *Fair Slave* was the only Person that took no Pleasure in these Diversions; she never stirr'd out of her Place, but with her Eyes still fix'd on the Ground, without taking any Notice of the Entertainment, behav'd herself with so much Indifferency, that all the Ladies were no less surpriz'd at it, than the King. After the Ball was done every one retir'd to her Apartment, and the King who was left alone with the *Fair Slave*, lay with her that Night.

The next Morning the King of *Persia* arose, more pleas'd than ever he had been with all the Women he had seen before, and more enamour'd with the *Fair Slave* than he was the Day before. Indeed, he soon made it appear, by resolving henceforth to keep constant to her; and he perform'd his Resolution. On the very same Day, he dismiss'd all his other Women, giving every one of them their Jewels, and other valuable Things, besides a considerable Fortune, with free Leave to marry whom they thought fit, and only kept the Matrons, and a few other old Women, to wait upon and attend the *Fair Slave*. However, for a whole Year together, she never afforded him the Pleasure of one single Word, yet the King took abundance of Pains to please her, and with all the Complaisance imaginable, to give her the most signal Proofs of his violent Passion.

The Year was now expir'd, when the King, sitting one Day by his Mistress, protested to her that his Love instead of being diminish'd, grew every Day the more violent: My Queen, said he, I cannot divine what your Thoughts are; but however nothing is more true, and I swear to you the same, that in having the Happiness of possessing you, there remains nothing for me to desire: I esteem my Kingdom,

dom, great as it is, less than an Atom, when I have the Pleasure of beholding your Eyes, and of telling you a thousand times how I adore you: You see I have given you some other Proofs of my Affection than bare Words, and therefore surely you can no longer doubt of it, after the vast Number of Women I have sacrific'd to your Beauty: You may remember, 'tis about a Year since I sent them away from my Court, and I repent of it as little, even now I am talking with you, as I did the first Moment of their Departure, and I believe I never shall. Nothing would be wanting to compleat my Happiness, and crown my Joys for ever, would you but speak one single Word to me, by which I might be assur'd, that you thought your self in some Measure oblig'd to me; but how can you speak to me if you are Dumb? And alas! how fearful am I lest it should be true! yet what Reason have I to doubt of it, since you still torment me with Silence, after a whole Year's entreating you every Hour to speak to me? However it 'tis impossible for me to obtain that Consolation, may Heaven, at least, grant me the Blessing of a Son by you to succeed me after my Death. I find my self growing old every Day, and I begin to want one to assist me in bearing the Weight of a Crown. But still I cannot refrain from the Desire I have of hearing you speak; for methinks, something within me tells me you are not Dumb: Ah! therefore, dear Madam, I beseech, I conjure you, to break through this obstinate Humour, and speak but one Word to me, and after that I care not how soon I die.

At this Discourse the *Fair Slave*, who, according to her usual Custom, had hearkened to the King with down-cast Eyes, and had given him Cause to believe, not only that she was Dumb, but that she never had laugh'd in her Life, began to look up, and smile a little. The King of *Persia* perceiv'd it with a Surprise, that made him break forth into an Exclamation of Joy, and no longer doubting but that she was going to speak, he waited for that happy Moment with an Eagerness and Attention that cannot easily be express'd.

At

At last the *Fair Slave*, breaking her long kept Silence, thus address'd her self to the King: Sir, said she, I have so many Things to say to your Majesty, that having once broke Silence, I know not where to begin. However, in the first place, I think my self oblig'd in Duty to thank your Majesty for all the Favours and Honours you have been pleas'd to confer upon me, and to implore the Gods to bless and prosper you, to prevent the wicked Designs and Intentions of your Enemies, and that they would not suffer you to die after hearing me speak; but to grant you a long and a happy Reign. After this, Sir, I cannot give you a greater Satisfaction, than acquainting you with my being with Child, and I wish, as you do, it may be a Son. Had it never been my Fortune to have been Breeding, I was resolv'd (I beg your Majesty to pardon the Sincerity of my Intention) never to have lov'd you, as well as to have kept an Eternal Silence: But now I love and respect you as I ought to do.

The King of *Persia*, ravish'd to hear the *Fair Slave* not only speak, but at the same time to tell him such News, in which he was so nearly concern'd, embrac'd her tenderly; Shining Light of my Eyes, said he, 'tis impossible for me to receive a greater Joy than what you have now given me: You have spoken to me, and declar'd your being with Child: So that I am fully satisfied in my self, that after these two signal Occasions of Joy, I ought to expect no other.

The King of *Persia*, in the Transport of Joy he was in, said no more to the *Fair Slave*: He left her; but after such a manner, as made her perceive his Intention was speedy to return: And being willing that the Occasion of his Joys should be made publick, he declared it to his Officers, and sent in all haste for the Grand Vizier. As soon as he came, he order'd him to distribute a thousand Pieces of Gold among the holy Men of his Religion, who had made Vows of Poverty; as also among the Hospitals and the Poor, by way of returning Thanks to Heaven; and his Will was obey'd, by the Direction of that Minister.

After the King of *Persia* had given this Order, he came to the *Fair Slave* again; Madam, said he, pardon me, for leaving you so abruptly, since you have been the Occasion of it: But I hope, you will entertain me some other Time, since I am desirous to know of you several Things of a

much greater Consequence: However, in the mean time, tell me, I beseech you, my dearest Charmer, what were the powerful Reasons that induc'd you to persist in that obstinate Silence for a whole Year together, though every Day you saw me, heard me talk to you, eat and drank with me, and every Night lay with me! I shall pass by your not speaking, but how you could carry your self after such an indifferent Manner, that I could never discover whether you were sensible of what I said to you, or no, is what, I confess, surpasses my Understanding; and I cannot yet comprehend how you could contain your self so long; therefore I must conclude the Occasion of it to be very extraordinary.

To satisfy the King of *Persia's* Curiosity, reply'd this Fair Person, think whether or no, to be a Slave, far from my own Country, without any Hopes of ever seeing it again, to have a Heart torn with Grief, for being separated from my Mother, my Brother, my Friends, my Acquaintance, are not sufficient Reasons for my keeping a Silence, your Majesty has thought so strange and unaccountable? The Love of your native Country is as natural to us as that of our Parents, and the Loss of Liberty is insupportable to every one, who is not wholly destitute of Sense and Reason, and knows how to set a Value on it. The Body indeed may be enslaved, and under the Subjection of a Master, who has the Power and Authority in his Hands; but the Will can never be conquer'd or domineer'd over, but still remains free and unconfin'd, depending on it self alone, as your Majesty has found an Example of it in me: And 'tis a Wonder that I have not follow'd the Example of abundance of unfortunate Wretches, whom the Loss of Liberty has reduc'd to the mournful Resolution of procuring their own Deaths a thousand Ways, rather than survive it, and wear out a wretched Life in a shameful Slavery.

Madam, reply'd the King, I am now convinc'd of the Truth of what you say; but till this Moment I was of Opinion, that a Person beautiful, well-shap'd, with a great deal of Wit and good Sense, such as your self, whom her rigorous Stars had destin'd to be a Slave, ought to think her self very happy in meeting with a King for her Master.

Sir,

Sir, reply'd the *Fair Slave*, whatever the Slave is, supposing her to be such as I have already mention'd to your Majesty, there is no King on Earth can tyrannize over her Will. But however, when you speak of a Slave, Mistress of Charms enough to captivate a Monarch, and make him adore her, provided she is of a Rank infinitely below him, I am of your Opinion, she ought to think her self happy in her Misfortune, but what Happiness can it be, when she considers her self only as a Slave, torn from her Parents Arms, and perhaps a Lover's, for whom she has a Passion that Death only can extinguish. But when this very Slave is in nothing inferior to the King that bought her, your Majesty shall then judge your self of the Rigour of her Destiny, of her Misery, and of her Sorrow, and to what desperate Attempts the Anguish of Despair may drive her.

The King of *Persia*, astonish'd at this Discourse, Madam, said he, can it be possible that you are of Royal Blood, as by your Words you seem to intimate? Explain the whole Secret to me, I beseech you, and no longer augment my Impatience. Ah! let me instantly know who are the happy Parents of so great a Prodigy of Beauty, who are your Brothers, your Sisters, and your Relations; but above all, what your Name is?

Sir, said the *Fair Slave*, my Name is *Gulnare of the Sea*; and my Father, who is now dead, was one of the most potent Monarchs of the *Ocean*. When he dy'd, he left his Kingdom to a Brother of mine, nam'd *Saleh*, and to the Queen my Mother, who is also a Princess, the Daughter of another puissant Monarch of the Sea. We enjoy'd a profound Peace and Tranquillity through the whole Kingdom, till a Neighbouring Prince, an Enemy to our Repose, invaded our Dominions with a mighty Army, and penetrating as far as our Capital, made himself Master of it; and we had but just time enough to save our selves in a steep inaccessible Place, with a few trusty Officers, who were so generous, as not to forsake us in our Distress.

In this Retreat my Brother was not negligent in contriving all manner of Ways to drive the unjust Invader from our Dominions. While this Affair was in Agitation, one Day taking me into his Closet, Sister, said he, the Events of the least Undertakings in the World are always dubious: As for my own Part, I am willing to die in the At-

tempt I design'd to make, to re-establish me in my Kingdom: And I shall be less concern'd for my own Disgrace, than for what may possibly happen to you; and therefore to prevent it, and to secure you from whatever Accident may befall you, I would fain see you marry'd first. But in the miserable Condition that our Affairs are in at present, I see no Probability of matching you to any of the Princes of the Sea; and therefore I should be very glad if you would resolve to be of my Opinion, and think of marrying to some of the Princes of the Earth. I am ready to contribute all that lies in my Power towards it, and I am certain there's not one of them, considering the Beauty you are Mistress of, but would be proud of your accepting of their Crown.

At this Discourse of my Brother's, I fell into a violent Passion. Brother, said I, you know that I am descended, as well as you, by both Father and Mother's side, from the Kings and Queens of the Sea, without any mixture of Alliance with those of the Earth; therefore I do not design to marry below my self, any more than they did; and I took an Oath of it as soon as I had Understanding to enquire into the Nobleness and Antiquity of our Family. The Condition to which we are reduc'd, shall never oblige me to alter my Resolution; and if you perish in the Execution of your Design, I am prepar'd to fall with you, rather than to follow the Advice I so little expected from you.

My Brother, who was still earnest for the Marriage, endeavour'd to make me believe, that there were Kings of the Earth, who were no Ways inferior to those of the Sea. This put me into a violent Passion, which occasion'd him to speak several bitter reflecting Things, that nettled me to the quick. At last he left me, as much dissatisfied with my self, as he could possibly be with his; and in this peevish Mood I gave a Spring from the bottom of the Sea, directly up to the Island of the Moon.

Notwithstanding the violent Discontent that made me cast my self upon that Island, I lived pretty easy in a By-Corner of it, whither I retir'd for Conveniency and Safety. But alas! this Happiness lasted not long; for in spite of all my Endeavours to lie conceal'd in my beloved Obscurity, a certain Person of Distinction and Figure attended

tended by his Servants, surprized me sleeping, and carry'd me to his own House. He made violent Love to me, and omitted nothing which he thought might reasonably induce me to make a Return to his Passion. When he saw that fair Means would prevail nothing upon me, he attempted to make use of Force; but I soon made him repent of his Insolence. So at last finding that there was nothing to be done with me, he resolved to part with me, which he did to that very Merchant who brought me hither, and sold me to your Majesty. He was a very prudent, courteous, obliging Person; and during the whole Journey, which was somewhat tedious, he never gave me the least Reason to complain of his Usage.

As for your Majesty, Sir, continu'd the Princess *Gulnare*, if you had not shewn me all the Respect you have hitherto paid, (for which I am extream'y oblig'd to your Goodness) and given me such undeniable Marks of your Affection, that I could no longer doubt of it: If you had not immediately sent away your Women; give me leave to tell you, Sir, plainly, that I was positively resolv'd not to have liv'd with you; I would have thrown my self into the Sea, out of this very Window, where your Majesty first saw me, when you came into this Apartment; and I would have gone in search after my Mother, my Brother, and the rest of my Relations. I still persisted in that Design, and I would infallibly have put it in Execution, if after a certain Time I had found my self deceived in the Hopes of being with Child: But now in the Condition I am in, I shall be sure to take care what I do. Should I tell my Mother, or my Brother, that I have been a Slave, even to a King as mighty as you are, they would never believe it, but would for ever upbraid me with the Crime I have committed against my Honour, since 'twas a voluntary Act of my own. However, Sir, be it a Prince or Princess that I bring into the World, it will be a Pledge to engage me never to be parted from your Majesty: And therefore I hope you will no longer look upon me as a Slave, but as a Princess worthy of your Alliance.

'Twas after this manner that the Princess *Gulnare* finish'd her Story, she had been telling the King of *Persia*. My charming and adorable Princess, cry'd he, What wonders

ders have I heard! and what an ample Subject have you afforded my Curiosity, of asking a thousand Questions concerning those strange and unheard of Things which you have related to me. But in the first place, I ought to thank you for your Goodness and Patience, in making a Trial of the Truth and Constancy of my Passion. I must confess, I thought it impossible for me to love you more than I did; but since I know you to be so great a Princess, I love you a thousand times more. What did I say? Princess, Madam, you are no longer so; but you are my Queen, the Queen of *Persia*; and by that Title you shall soon be proclaim'd through the whole Kingdom. To-morrow the Ceremony shall be perform'd in my Capital, with a Pomp and Magnificence that was never yet beheld; which will plainly shew, that you are both my Queen and lawful Wife. This should long ago have been done, had you sooner convinc'd me of my Error: For from the first Moment of my seeing you, I have been of the same Opinion as now, to love you for ever, and never to place my Affections to any other.

However, I am pleas'd with my self, for having in the mean time paid you all the Respect and Civility I ought, that's due to your Merit; and therefore, Madam, I beseech you, to inform me after a more particular Manner of the Kingdoms and People of the Sea, which are altogether unknown to me. I have heard much talk indeed of the Inhabitants of the Sea, but I always look'd upon it as nothing but a pleasant Tale or Fable: However, by what you have told me, I am convinc'd there's nothing more true; and I have a very good Proof of it in your own Person, who are one of them, and are pleas'd to condescend to be my Wife; which is an Honour no other Inhabitant on the Earth can boast of besides my self. There is one Thing yet, Madam, which puzzles me a little; therefore I must beg the Favour of you to explain it; that is, I cannot comprehend how 'tis possible for you to move, breathe, and walk up and down in the Water, without being drown'd. There are but few amongst us who have the Art of staying under Water, but they would surely perish there, if after a certain space of Time which is according to their Skill and Constitution of their Bodies, they did not come up again.

Sir,

Sir, reply'd the Queen *Gulnare*, I shall take a great deal of Pleasure in satisfying the King of *Persia* in any thing that lies in my Power. You must know then, that we can walk at the bottom of the Sea, with as much Ease, as you can do upon Land; and can breathe in the Water as well as you do in the Air: So that instead of suffocating us, as it does you, it is absolutely necessary for the Preservation of our Lives. What is yet more remarkable, is, That it never wets our Cloaths: So that when we have a Mind to visit your upper World, we have no occasion of drying them. Our vulgar Language is the same in which the Writing upon the Seal of the Great Prophet *Solomon*, the Son of *David*, was engraven.

I must not forget to tell you, That the Water does not in the least hinder us from seeing in the Sea: For we can open and shut our Eyes when we please, without any Manner of Inconveniency: And as we have generally a very quick piercing Sight, so we can discern any Object as clearly in the deepest Part of the Sea, as upon Land. We have also a Succession there of Day and Night; the Moon affords us her Light, and even the Planets and the Stars appear very visible to us. I have already spoken of their Kingdoms: But as the Sea is a great deal larger than the Earth, so there are a greater Number of them, and of a vaster Extent. They are divided into Provinces, and in every Province there are several great Cities well peopled; and in short, there are an infinite Number of Nations differing in Manners and Customs, as well as upon the Earth.

The Palaces of the Kings and Princes are very sumptuous and magnificent. There are some of them of Marble of various Colours, others of Rock-Crystal, Mother of Pearl, Coral, and of other Materials more valuable; Gold, Silver, and all sorts of precious Stones, are more plentiful there than with you. I say nothing of the Pearls, since the largest that ever was seen upon Earth, would not be valu'd amongst us; and none but the very lowest Rank of Citizens would wear them.

As we have a marvellous, and almost incredible Agility, of transporting our selves whither we please, in the Twinkling of an Eye; so we have no Occasion for any Coaches or Horses: Not but that every King has his

Stables, and his Breed of Sea-Horses; but they se'dom make use of them, but upon publick Feasts and rejoycing Days. After they have been well manag'd, they set Riders upon their Backs, who shew their Skill and Dexterity in the Art of Riding. Others are put to Chariots of Mother of Pearl, adorn'd with an infinite Number of Shells of all sorts, of the liveliest Colours in the World. These Chariots are open; and in the Middle there's a Throne upon which the King sits, and exposes himself to the Publick View of his Subjects. The Horses are train'd up to draw by themselves; so that there is no Occasion of a Coachman to guide them. I pass over a Thousand other Particulars, relating to these Sea-Countries, full of Wonder and Curiosity, which would be very entertaining to your Majesty, but I believe, Sir, you will be willing I should defer it to speak of something of a much greater Consequence; which is, that the Method of delivering, and the Way of managing the Women of the Sea in their Lying-in, is quite different from those of the Women of the Earth; and I am afraid to trust myself in the Hands of the Midwives of this Country: Therefore, Sir, since my safe Delivery is a Thing which equally concerns us both, with your Majesty's Permission, I think it proper to send for my Mother and my Cousins to assist at my Labour; at the same time to desire my Brother's Company, to whom I have a great Desire to be reconciled. They will be very glad to see me again, after I have related my Story to them, and when they understand that I am Wife to the mighty King of *Persia*, I beseech your Majesty to give me Leave to send for them: I am sure they will be proud to pay their Respects to you; and I dare say, you will be extremely pleas'd to see them.

Madam, said the King of *Persia*, you are Mistress, and do whatever you please, I will endeavour to receive them with all the Honours they deserve: But I would fain know how you will acquaint them with what you desire, and when they will arrive, that I may make some Preparations for their Reception, and go myself in Person to meet them. Sir, reply'd the Queen *Gulnare*, there's no need of any of these Ceremonies; they will be here in a Moment; and if your Majesty will be pleas'd but to step

step into the Closet, and look through the Lettice, you shall see the Manner of their Arrival.

As soon as the King of *Persia* was gone into the Closet, the Queen *Gulnare* order'd one of her Women to bring her a Perfuming-pan, with a little Fire in it. After that she bid her retire, and shut the Door. When she was alone, she took a little Piece of Aloes, out of a Box, and put it into the Perfuming-pan. As soon as she saw the Smoak arise, she repeated some mystical Words, utterly unknown to the King of *Persia*, who observ'd with great Attention what she was a-doing; she had no sooner ended her Charm, but the Sea began to be disturbed. The Closet that the King was in, was so contrived, that looking through the Lettice on the same Side with the Windows that fac'd the Sea, he could plainly perceive it.

In short the Sea open'd at some Distance, and presently there appear'd a tall, handsome, young Man, with Whiskers of a Sea green Colour; a little behind him, a Lady well in Years, but of a stately majestick Air, attended by five young Ladies, nothing inferior in Beauty to the Queen *Gulnare*.

The Queen *Gulnare* immediately came to one of the Windows, and saw the King her Brother, the Queen her Mother, and the rest of her Relations, who at the same time perceiv'd her also. The Company came forward, not walking, but carry'd as it were upon the Surface of the Waves. When they came to the Brink of the Sea, they nimbly, one after another, leap'd into the Window, from whence the Queen *Gulnare* was retir'd, to make room for them. The King *Saleb*, the Queen her Mother, and the rest of her Relations, embrac'd her tenderly with Tears in their Eyes upon their first Entrance.

After the Queen *Gulnare* had receiv'd them with all the Honour imaginable, and plac'd them upon a *Sofa*, the Queen her Mother address'd her self to her, after a very tender Manner. Daughter, said she, I am over-joy'd to see you again after so long an Absence; and I am confident that your Brother and your Relations are no less than I. Your leaving us, without acquainting anybody with it, put us into an expressible Concern; and 'tis impossible to tell you how many Tears we have shed upon that Account. We know

of no other Reason that could induce you to take such a surprizing Resolution, but the Discourse that pass'd between your Brother and you, of which he afterwards inform'd me. The Advice he gave you seem'd very advantageous to him at that Time, for settling of you handsomely in the World; and was then very suitable to the Posture of Affairs: However, if you had not approv'd of his Proposals, you ought not to have been so much alarm'd; and give me Leave to tell you, you took the Thing quite otherwise than you ought to have done. But no more of this Discourse, which serves only to renew the Occasion of our Sorrows and Complaints, that we and you ought to bury for ever in Oblivion: Give us now a Relation of all that has happen'd to you since we saw you last, and also an Account of the present Circumstances you are in? but especially, let us know if you are pleas'd and contented. The Queen *Gulnare* immediately threw her self at her Mother's Feet, and after rising up and kissing her Hand, Madam, said she, I own I have been guilty of a very great Crime, and I shall be indebted to your Goodness for the Pardon which I hope you will be pleas'd to grant me. What I am going to say, in Obedience to your Commands, will soon convince you, that 'tis very often in vain for us to have an Aversion for some certain Things: I have experienc'd it my self, and the only thing that I had the greatest Abhorrence to, either justly, or by the Malice of my Stars, has happen'd to me here. She began to relate the whole Story of what had befallen her since her quitting the Sea in a violent Passion for the Earth. As soon as she had made an end, and had acquainted them with her having been sold to the King of *Persia*, in whose Palace she was at present; Sister, cry'd the King her Brother, you have been mightily wrong'd in having so many Affronts offer'd you, but you can blame no body but your self: You have it in your Power now to free your self, and I cannot but admire at your Patience, that you could endure so long a Slavery: Rise, and return with us into my Kingdom that I have re-conquer'd and taken from the proud Usurper that was once Master of it.

The King of *Persia* who had heard these killing Words from the Closet where he stood, was in the utmost Confusion imaginable; Ah! said he to himself, I am ruin'd

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and undone, and if my Queen, my Angel leaves me, I shall surely die, for 'tis impossible for me to live without her; and will they be so barbarous to deprive me of her? But the Queen *Gulnare* soon put him out of his Fears, and eas'd the Sorrow of his Heart.

Brother, said she, and smil'd, what I have just now heard, gives me a greater Proof than ever I had of the Sincerity of your Friendship for me; but as heretofore I could not brook your proposing a Match between me and a Prince of the *Earth*, so now I can scarce forbear being angry with you, for advising me to break the Engagement I have made with the most puissant and most renown'd Monarch in the World. I do not speak here of an Engagement between a Slave and her Master; if that were all, 'twould be easy to return the ten thousand Pieces of Gold that I cost him, but I speak now of a Contract between a Woman and her Husband, who has never given her the least Reason to complain, or be discontented: Besides, he is a King, wise, temperate, religious, and just, and has given me the most essential Demonstrations of his Love, that possibly he could. What can be a greater Instance of the Violence of his Passion, than sending away all his Women (of which he had a great Number, immediately upon my Arrival, and confining himself only to me? I am now his Wife, and he has lately declar'd me Queen of *Persia*, and I am to sit with him in Council: Besides, I am breeding, and if Heaven will be pleas'd to favour me with a Son, that will be another Motive to engage my Affections to him the more.

So that, Brother, continued the Queen *Gulnare*, instead of following your Advice, you see I have all the the Reason in the World, not only to love the King of *Persia* as passionately as I do, but also to live and die with him more out of Gratitude than Duty. I hope then neither my Mother nor you, nor any of my Cousins, will disapprove of the Resolution and Alliance I have made, which will be an equal Honour to the Kings of both the *Sea* and *Earth*. I ask a thousand Pardons for giving you the Trouble of coming hither from the Bottom of the Deep to partake of it; and I return you thanks for the Pleasure of seeing you after so long a Separation.

Sister,

Sister, reply'd King *Saleh*, the Proposition I made you of going back with us into my Kingdom, upon the Recital of your Adventures, (which I could not hear without Concern) was to let you see what a particular Love and Honour I had for you, and that nothing in the World was so dear to me as your Welfare and Happiness. Upon the same Account then, for my own part, I cannot condemn a Resolution so reasonable, and so worthy of your self, after what you have told me of the King of *Persia* your Husband, and the many Obligations you have to him; and I am perswaded that the Queen, our Mother, will be of the same Opinion.

The Queen confirm'd what her Son had just spoken, and addressing her self immediately to her Daughter, my Dear, said she, I am very glad to hear you are pleas'd; and I have nothing else to add to what your Brother has already said to you. I should have been the first that would have condemn'd you, if you had not express'd all the Gratitude you were capable of, for a Monarch that loves you so passionately, and has done such mighty things to oblige you.

As the King of *Persia*, who was still in the Closet, had been extremely concern'd for Fear of losing his beloved Queen, so now he was transported with Joy at her Resolution never to forsake him; and having no Room to doubt of her Love, after so open a Declaration, he began to love her more than ever, and was resolv'd with himself to give her all the outward Proofs of it after the most sensible Manner he could possibly.

While the King was entertaining himself with a Pleasure that cannot easily be imagin'd, the Queen *Gulnare* clapp'd her Hands loud, and presently in came some of her Slaves, whom she had order'd to bring in a Collation: As soon as it was served up, she invited the Queen her Mother, the King her Brother, and her Cousins, to sit down, and take part of it. They began to consider, that without ever asking Leave, they were got into a Palace, of a mighty King, who had never been seen or heard of them, and were all of the same Opinion, that it would be a great Piece of Rudeness and Incivility to eat at his Table without him. This Reflection rais'd a Blush in their Faces, and their Eyes glowing with the

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Concern they were in, they breath'd nothing but Flanæes at their Mouths and Nostrils.

This unexpected Sight put the King of *Persia*, who was perfectly ignorant of the Cause of it, into a most dreadful Consternation. The Queen *Gulnare* fancying that his Majesty might be a little surpriz'd at it, and finding her Relations desirous of the Honour of seeing him, rose from her Seat, and told them, she would be back in a Moment. She went directly to the Closet, and by her Presence recover'd the King of *Persia* from his Surprize; Sir, said she, I doubt not but that your Majesty is well pleas'd with the Acknowledgment I have lately made of the many Favours that I am still indebted to your Goodness for.

'Twas wholly in my Power to have comply'd with my Relations. who would fain have persuaded me to have forsaken you, and gone back with them into their Dominions; but alas! I am not capable of being guilty of such Ingratitude, as I should have condemn'd in another. Ah! my Queen, cry'd the King of *Persia* speak no more of your Obligations to me, for indeed you have none, 'tis I that am your Debtor, and I am afraid I shall never be able to repay, or return you Thanks equal to the Favour you have done me; for I never thought it possible that you could have lov'd me so tenderly as you do, and as you have made it appear to me, after the most signal Manner in the World. Ah! Sir, reply'd the Queen *Gulnare*, could I do less than I have done? I rather fear I have not done enough, considering all the Honours and Favours that your Majesty has heap'd upon me; and it is impossible for me to remain insensible of your Passion, after so many convincing Proofs as you have given me.

But Sir, continu'd the Queen *Gulnare*, let us drop this, and give me leave to assure you of the sincere Friendship that the Queen my Mother, and the King my Brother are pleas'd to honour you with; they earnestly desire to see you, and tell you so themselves, I intended to have discours'd them a little, before I introduced them to your Majesty, and accordingly I have ordered a Banquet for them, but they are very impatient to pay their Respects to you; and therefore I desire your Majesty would be pleas'd to walk in, and honour them with your Presence.

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Madam, said the King of *Persia*, I should be very glad to salute Persons, that have the Honour to be so nearly related to you, but I am afraid of the Flames that they breathe at their Mouths and Nostrils. Sir, reply'd the Queen laughing, you need not in the least be afraid of those Flames, which are nothing but a Sign of their Unwillingness to eat in your Palace, without your honouring them with your Presence, and eating with them.

The King of *Persia* taking Heart at these Words, went into the Chamber with his Queen *Gulnare*: She presented him to the Queen her Mother, to the King her Brother, and to her other Relations, who instantly threw themselves at his Feet, with their Faces to the Ground. The King of *Persia* ran to them, and lifting them up, embrac'd them one after another, after a very tender manner. After they were all seated, the King *Saleh* began his Speech: Sir, said he to the King of *Persia*, we are at a Loss for Words to express our Joy, to think that the Queen may Sister, after all her Hardships and Affronts, should have the Happiness of falling under the Protection of so powerful a Monarch as your Majesty: We can assure you, Sir, she's not unworthy of the high Honour that you have been pleased to raise her to; and we have always had so much Love and Tenderness for her, that we could never think of parting with her, even to the most puissant Princes of the Sea, who have often demanded her in Marriage before she came of Age: But Heaven has reserved her for you, Sir; and we have no better way of returning Thanks for the Favour it has done her, than beseeching it to grant your Majesty a long and happy Life with her, and to crown your Days with Content and Satisfaction.

Certainly, reply'd the King of *Persia*, Heaven reserv'd her purely for me, as you were pleas'd to observe; and I love her with so tender and violent a Passion, that 'tis plain, I never lov'd any Woman till I saw her. Oh! how I am bless'd and transported with her Charms: And I cannot sufficiently thank, either the Queen her Mother, or you, Prince, or your whole Family, for the matchless Generosity, with which you have consented to receive me into so glorious an Alliance as yours. At the End of these Words, he invited them to take part of the Colla-
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tion, and he and his Queen sat down at the Table with them. After the Collation was over, the King of *Persia* entertained them with Discourse till it was very late; and when they thought it convenient to retire, he waited upon them himself to the several Apartments he had order'd to be prepar'd for them.

The King of *Persia* treated his illustrious Guests for a great many Days together; during which time, he omitted nothing that might shew his Court in its greatest Splendor and Magnificence, and insensibly prevail'd with them to stay there, till the Queen was brought to Bed. When the time of her Lying-in drew near, he gave particular Orders to get every thing in a Readiness that was necessary upon such an Occasion. At last there was a Son born, to the great Joy of the Queen her Mother, who, as soon as he was dress'd in Swaddling-Cloaths, which were very Rich and Costly, she went and presented him to the King.

The King of *Persia* receiv'd the Present with a Joy easier to be imagin'd than express'd. The young Prince being of a beautiful Countenance, and all over Charms, he thought no Name so proper for him as that of *Beder*, which in the *Arabian* Language signifies the Full-Moon. By way of Thanks to Heaven, he was very liberal in his Alms to the Poor, and caus'd the Prison-Doors to be set open, and gave all the Prisoners of both Sexes their Liberty. He distributed vast Sums among the Priests and the Holy Men of his Religion. He also gave large Donatives to his Courtiers, besides a great deal that was thrown amongst the People; and by a Proclamation order'd several Rejoycing-Days to be kept publickly through the whole City.

One Day after the Queen's Up-fitting, as the King of *Persia*, Queen *Gulnare* her self, the Queen her Mother, King *Saleh* her Brother, and the Princesses their Relations, were discoursing together in her Majesty's Bed-Chamber, the Nurse chanc'd to come in with the young Prince *Beder* in her Arms. King *Saleh* no sooner saw him, but he ran to embrace him, and taking him in his Arms, fell a kissing and caressing him after a mighty rate. He took several Turns with him about the Room, dancing and dandling him about, when all of a sudden, through a
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Transport of Joy, the Window being open, he leap'd out, and plung'd with him into the Sea.

The King of *Persia*, who expected no such Sight, set up a hideous Cry, verily believing he should either see the dear Prince his Son no more, or else that he should see him drown'd: Nay, he was like to give up the Ghost amidst his so great Grief and Affliction. Sir, quoth Queen *Gulnare*, with a quiet and undisturb'd Countenance, the better to comfort him, let your Majesty fear nothing; the young Prince is my Son as well as yours, and I do not love him less than you do. You see I'm not alarm'd at the Loss of him; neither in truth ought I to be so. In short he runs no risque, and you'll soon see the King his Uncle appear with him again, who will return him to you safe and sound. Alho' he be born of your Blood as well as mine, he will not fail to have the same Advantage his Uncle and I have of living equally in the Sea, and upon the Land. The Queen his Mother, and the Princesses his Relations, confirm'd the same thing; yet all was no great Consolation to the King: He could not possibly recover from his Fright, til he saw Prince *Beder* appear again as before.

The Sea at length became troubled, when immediately King *Saleh* arose, with the young Prince in his Arms, and dancing and dandling him about, re-enter'd at the same Window he came out at. The King of *Persia* overjoy'd to see Prince *Beder* again, became as calm as before he lost sight of him. Then King *Saleh* said, Sir, was not your Majesty in a great Fright, when you first saw me plunge into the Sea with the Prince my Nephew? Alas! Prince, answer'd the King of *Persia*, I cannot express my Concern. I thought him lost from that very moment, and you now restore Life to me, by bringing him again. I thought as much, reply'd King *Saleh*, tho' you had not the least reason to apprehend any Danger: For before I plung'd into the Sea with him, I pronounc'd certain mysterious Words over him, which were engraven on the Seal of the Great *Solomon* the Son of *David*. We practise the like in relation to all those Children that are born in the Regions at the Bottom of the Sea, by Virtue whereof they receive the same Privileges that we have over those People who inhabit the Earth. Now from
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what your Majesty has observ'd, you may easily see what Advantage your Son, Prince *Beder*, has acquir'd on the Part of his Mother Queen *Gulnare*, my Sister : For as long as he lives, and as often as he pleases, it shall be free for him to plunge into the Sea, and traverse the vast Empires it contains at its Bottom.

Having so spoke, King *Saleh*, who had restor'd Prince *Beder* to his Nurse's Arms, open'd a Box he had fetch'd from his Palace, in that little time he had disappear'd, which was fill'd with three hundred Diamonds, as large as Pidgeons Eggs; a like Number of Rubies, of extraordinary Size; as many Emerald Wands of half a Foot long; and with thirty Strings of Neclaces of Pearl, consisting each of Ten Pieces. Sir, said he to the King of *Persia*, presenting him with this Box, when I was first summon'd by the Queen my Sister, I knew not what part of the Earth she was in, or that she had the Honour to be married to so great a Monarch, as I now find : Wherefore I came empty handed; but now I understand how much we have been both obliged to your Majesty, I beg of you to accept of this small Token of Gratitude, in Acknowledgment of the many particular Favours you have been pleas'd to do us, and whereof I am not less sensible than she.

It cannot be imagin'd how greatly the King of *Persia* was surpriz'd at the Sight of so much Riches, enclos'd in so little Composs. What! Prince, cry'd he out, do you call so inestimable a Present a small Token of your Gratitude, when you never have been indebted to me? I declare you have never been in the least oblig'd to me, neither you, nor the Queen your Mother. I esteem myself but too happy in the Consent you have been pleas'd to give to the Alliance I have contracted with you. Madam. continued he, turning to *Gulnare*, the King, your Brother, has put me into the greatest Confusion in the World; and I would beg of him to refuse his Present, were it not that I fear to disoblige him : Do you therefore endeavour to obtain his Leave, that I may be dispens'd with on this Occasion.

Sir, reply'd King *Saleh*, I am not at all surpriz'd that your Majesty thinks this Present so extraordinary; I know you are not accusom'd upon Earth to see such, and so many

my fine Stones: But if you knew, as I do, the Mines whence these Jewels were taken, and that it is in my power to heap up a Treasure much larger than those, of all the Things of the Earth, you would, it may be, wonder I should have the Boldness to make you a Present of so small a Value. I beseech you therefore not to regard it in that Respect, but on account of the sincere Friendship I am oblig'd to offer you, which I hope you will not give me the Mortification to refuse. These engaging Expressions oblig'd the King of *Persia* to accept the Present, for which he return'd many Thanks, both to King *Saleh* and the Queen his Mother.

A few Days after, King *Saleh* gave the King of *Persia* to understand, that the Queen his Mother, the Princesses his Relations, and himself, could have no greater Pleasure than to spend their whole Lives at his Court; but that having been absent from their own Kingdom for some time, where their Presence was absolutely necessary, they begg'd of him not to take it ill, if they took leave of him and Queen *Gulnare*. The King of *Persia* assur'd them, he was very sorry that it was not in his Power to come and visit them in their Dominions; but added, as I am verily persuaded, you will not forget Queen *Gulnare*, but come and see her now and then; I hope, I shall have the Honour to kiss your Hands again many times before I die.

Many Tears were shed on both Sides upon their Separation. King *Saleh* departed first; but the Queen his Mother, and the Princesses his Relations, were fain to force themselves, in a Manner from the Embraces of Queen *Gulnare*, who could not prevail with her self to let them go. This Royal Company were no sooner out of sight, but the King of *Persia* said to Queen *Gulnare*, Madam, I should have look'd upon that Person as one who would have impos'd on my Credulity in the grossest Manner, that had pretended to palm those Wonders upon me for true, which I my self have been an Eye-witness of from the Time I have been honour'd with your illustrious Family at my Court. But I cannot escape Conviction of this Kind; and shall remember it as long as I live, and be always ready to bless Heaven for directing you to me, preferably to any other Prince.

Young

Young Prince *Beder* was brought up, and educated in the Palace, under the Care of the King and Queen of *Persia*, who both saw him grow and increase in Beauty to their great Satisfaction. He gave them yet greater Pleasure as he advanced in Years, by his continued Sprightliness, by his agreeable Ways in whatever he did, and by the Justness and Vivacity of his Wit in whatever he said: And they were the more sensible of this Satisfaction, by reason King *Saleb* his Uncle, the Queen his Grandmother, and the Princesses his Relations, came from time to time to take Part of it.

He was easily taught to read and write, and was instructed with the same Facility, in all the Sciences that became a Prince of his Rank.

When he arrived at Fifteen, he acquitted himself of all his Exercises with infinitely better Address, and good Grace, than any of his Masters. He was withal very Wise and Prudent. The King, who had almost from his Cradle discover'd in him Virtues so necessary for a Monarch, and who moreover began to perceive the Infirmities of Old Age coming upon himself, would not stay till Death gave him the Possession of his Throne, but purpos'd to resign it to him immediately. He had no great Difficulty to make his Council consent to it: And the People heard his Resolution with so much the more Joy, as they conceived Prince *Beder* worthy to govern them. In a Word, as the King had not for a long Time appear'd in Publick, they had all the Opportunity in the World to observe, he had not that Disdainful, Proud, and Crabbed Air, which most Princes, who look upon all below them with Scorn and Contempt, have. They saw on the contrary, he treated all Mankind with that Goodness which invited them to approach him; that he heard favourably all who had any Thing to say to him; that he answer'd every Body with a Goodness that was peculiar to him; and that he refus'd no Body any Thing that had the least Appearance of Reasonableness.

The Day for this Ceremony was appointed, when in the midst of the whole Assembly, which was then more numerous than ordinary, the King of *Persia* then sitting on his Throne, came down from it, took the Crown from off his Head, put it on that of Prince *Beder*; and
having

having seated him in his Place, kiss'd his Hand, as a Token that he resign'd his Authority to him. After which he rang'd himself among the Crowd of Viziers and Emirs.

Hereupon the Viziers, Emirs, and other principal Officers, came immediately and threw themselves at the new King's Feet, taking each the Oath of Fidelity, according to their Degrees. Then the Grand Vizier made a Report of divers important Matters; on which the young King gave Judgment, with that admirable Prudence and Sagacity, that surpriz'd all the Council. He next turn'd out divers Governors, convicted of Mal-Administration, and put others in their Rooms: Which he did with that wonderful and just Discernment, as exacted the Acclamations of every Body; which were so much the more honourable, as Flattery had no share in them. He at length left the Council, accompanied by the late King his Father, and went to wait on his Mother Queen *Gulnare*, at her Apartment. The Queen no sooner saw him coming, with his Crown upon his Head, but she ran to embrace him with a great Deal of Tenderness, wishing him a long and prosperous Reign.

The first Year of his Reign King *Beder* acquitted himself of all his Royal Functions with great Assiduity. Above all, he took care to instruct himself in Affairs of State, and all that might any Ways contribute towards the Happiness of his People. Next Year, having left the Administration to his Council, under the Direction of the Ol' King his Father, he went out of his Capital City, under pretence of diverting himself with Hunting; but his real Intention was to visit all the Provinces of his Kingdom, that he might reform all Abuses there, establish good Order and Discipline every where, and deprive all ill-minded Princes, his Neighbours of any Opportunities of attempting any Thing against the Security and Tranquillity of his Subjects, by appearing and showing himself seasonably on his Frontiers.

No less than a whole Year suffic'd this young King to put in practice a Purpose so worthy of him. Soon after his Return, the old King his Father fell so dangerously ill, that he knew at first he should never recover it. He waited for his last Moment with great Tranquillity, and his

his only Care was to recommend to the Ministers and other Lords of his Son's Court, to persist in the Fidelity they had sworn to him; insomuch that there was not one but willingly renew'd his Oath, as freely as at first. He died at length, to the great Grief of King *Beder*, and Queen *Gulnare*, who caus'd his Corple to be borne to a Stately *Mausoleum*, worthy of his Rank and Dignity.

The Funeral Obsequies ended, King *Beder* found no Difficulty to comply with that ancient Custom in *Persia*, to mourn the dead for a whole Month; and not to be seen by any Body during all that Time. He had mourn'd the Death of his Father his whole Life, had he hearken'd to his excessive Affliction, and had it been permitted to so great a Prince as he was, to amuse himself after that Manner. During this Interval, the Queen, Mother to Queen *Gulnare*, and King *Saleh*, together with the Princesses their Relations, arriv'd at the *Persian* Court, and shar'd in great part of their Affliction, before they propos'd any Consolation.

Tho' the Month was expir'd, the King could not prevail on himself to give admittance to the Grand Vizier and the other Lords of his Court, who all besought him to lay aside his mourning Habit, to shew himself to his Subjects, and take upon him the Administration of Affairs as before.

He shew'd so great an Unwillingness to their Request, that the Grand Vizier was fain to take upon him to speak in the following manner: Sir, it were needless to represent to your Majesty, that it belongs only to Women, to persist in a perpetual Mourning. We doubt not, but you are considerably convinc'd of that, and that it is not your Intention to follow their Example. Neither our Tears, nor yours, are capable of restoring Life to the good King your Father, tho' we should lament all our Days. He has undergone the common Fate of all Men, which nobody can resist. Yet we cannot say absolutely that he is dead, since we see him reviving in the Person of your Sacred Majesty. He did not himself doubt, when he was dying, but he should revive in you, and to your Majesty it belongs to shew that he was not deceiv'd

King

King *Beder* could no longer oppose such pressing Instances: He laid aside his Mourning Habit that very Moment; and after he had resum'd the Royal Ornaments, he began to provide for the Necessities of his Subjects, with the same Assiduity as before his Father's Death. He acquitted himself with universal Approbation: And as he was exact in maintaining his Predecessor's Ordinances, the People perceiv'd no Alteration in their Sovereign.

King *Saleh* who was return'd to his Dominions in the Sea with the Queen his Mother, and the Princesses, no sooner saw that King *Beder* had resum'd the Government, but he came alone to visit him: And King *Beder* and Queen *Gulnare* were over-joy'd to see him. One Day, as they rose from Table, they fell to discoursing of several Matters.

King *Saleh* fell insensibly on the Praises of the King his Nephew, and the Queen his Sister, how glad he was to see him govern so prudently, which had acquir'd him so great Reputation, not only among his Neighbours, but more remote Princes. King *Beder*, who could not bear hearing himself so well spoken of, and not being willing to interrupt the King his Uncle, thro' good manners turn'd on one Side, and seem'd to be asleep, leaning his Head against a Cushion that was behind him.

From these Commendations, which regarded only the wonderful Conduct and surprizing Wit of King *Beder*, King *Saleh* came to speak of the Perfections of his Body, which he extoll'd after a mighty Rate, as having nothing equal to them, either upon the Earth, or in the Kingdoms under the Waters, which he was well acquainted with.

Sister, said he, in an Extasie, so beautiful as he is, and of such excellent Endowments, I wonder you have not thought of marrying e're this: If I mistake not, he is at present in his Twentieth Year; and at that Age no Prince ought to be suffer'd to be without a Wife. I will think of a Match for him my self, since you will not, and marry him to some Princess of our Lower World, that may be worthy of him.

Brother, reply'd Queen *Gulnare*, you call to my Remembrance a Thing, I must own, I have never thought of to this very Moment. As he never discover'd any

Inclination for Marriage, I never thought of mentioning it to him; and I am glad you have now spoke of it to me. I like your proposing one of our Princesses; and I desire you to name one who may be beautiful and well accomplished, that the King my Son may be obliged to love her.

I know one that will be proper, reply'd King *Saleh*, softly; but before I tell you who she is, let us see if the King my Nephew sleeps or not, and I will tell you afterwards why it is necessary we should take that Precaution. Queen *Gulnare* then look'd upon her Son, and thought she had no Reason to doubt but he was profoundly asleep. King *Beder* nevertheless, very far from sleeping, redoubled his Attention, as being unwilling to lose any thing the King his Uncle said upon that Subject. There's no Necessity for your speaking so low, said the Queen to the King her Brother; you may speak out, with all Freedom, without Fear of being heard.

It is by no means proper, replied King *Saleh*, that the King my Nephew should as yet have any Knowledge of what I am going to say. Love, you know sometimes enters at the Ear, and it is not necessary he should love this Lady I'm about to name, after that sort. In short, I see many Difficulties to surmount in this Case, not on the Lady's Part, as I hope, but on that of her Father. I need only mention to you the Princess *Giauhara*, and the King of *Samandal*.

How, Brother, reply'd Queen *Gulnare*, is not the Princess *Giauhara* yet married? I remember I have seen her a little before I left your Palace: She was then about eighteen Months old, and surprizingly beautiful, and must needs be the Wonder of the World, if her Charms have increas'd equal with her Years. The few Years she is older than the King my Son, ought not to hinder our doing our utmost to bring the Match about. Let me know but the Difficulties that are to be surmounted, and I'll warrant we'll do well enough.

Sister, reply'd King *Saleh*, the greatest Difficulty is, that the King of *Samandal* is insupportably vain, looking up-

* *Giauhara* in Arabick, signifies a Precious Stone.

on all others as his Inferiors; 'tis not likely we shall easily get him to enter into this Alliance. For my part, I'll go to him in Person, and demand the Princess his Daughter of him; and in case he refuses her, we'll address our selves elsewhere, where we shall be like to be more favourably heard. For this Reason, as you may perceive, added he, 'tis not proper for the King my Nephew to know any thing of our Design, lest he should fall in Love with the Princess *Giauhara*, and we afterwards not be able to obtain her for him. They discours'd a little longer upon this Point, and before he parted, agreed that King *Saleh* should forthwith return to his own Dominions, and demand the Princess *Giauhara* of the King of *Samandal* her Father, for the King of *Persia*, his Nephew.

This done, Queen *Gulnare* and King *Saleh*, who verily believ'd King *Beder* asleep, agreed to wake him: And he dissembl'd the matter so well, that he seem'd to awake from a profound Sleep. He had nevertheless heard every Word they said, and the Character they gave of the Princess *Giauhara*, had inflam'd his Heart with an unknown Passion. He had conceiv'd so bright an Idea of her Beauty, that he could not sleep a Wink all Night, but remain'd under continual Inquietudes.

Next Day King *Saleh* would needs take Leave of Queen *Gulnare*, and the King his Nephew. The young King who knew the King his Uncle would not depart so soon, but to go and promote his Happiness, blush'd when he heard him mention his Departure. His Passion was become so violent, it would not suffer him to wait so long for the Sight of his Mistress, as would suffice to accomplish the Marriage. He more than once resolv'd to desire his Uncle to bring her away with him: But as he did not care to let the Queen his Mother understand he knew any thing of what had pass'd, he desired him only to stay with him a Day or two, that they might hunt together, intending to make use of that Occasion to discover his Mind to him.

The Day for Hunting was set, and King *Beder* had many Opportunities to declare his Mind to his Uncle; but he had not the Courage so much as once to open his Mouth to acquaint him with what he design'd.

In the midst of the Chace, when not only King *Saleh*, but all his Attendants had left him, he alighted near a Spring; and having tied his Horse to a Tree, that afforded a very plentiful Shade; as did several others along the Banks of the Rivulet, he laid him down on the Grass, and gave a free Course to his Tears, which issu'd forth in great abundance, accompany'd with many Sobs and Sighs. He remained a good while in this Condition, overwhelmed with Thought, and not speaking so much as one Word.

King *Saleh*, in the mean time, missing the King his Nephew, and not meeting with any one who could tell Tidings of him, began to be much concern'd to know what was become of him. He therefore left his Company to go in Search of him, and at length perceived him at a Distance. He had observed the Day before, and even more evidently that Day, that he was not so merry as he us'd to be, that he was more pensive than ordinary, and that if he was ask'd a Question, he either answer'd not at all, or nothing to the Purpose; but he never so much as in the least suspected the Cause of all this Alteration, till he saw him lying in that disconsolate Posture; when he immediately guess'd he had not only heard what pass'd between him and Queen *Gulnare*, but was become passionately in Love. He hereupon alighted at some distance from him, and having ty'd his Horse to a Tree, took a Compass, and came upon him so softly, that he heard him pronounce the following Words:

Adorable Princess of the Kingdom of *Samandal*, cry'd he out, I have, no doubt but an imperfect Sketch of your incomparable Beauty, yet I hold you to be preferable to all the Princesses in the World in Charms, and excel them as much as the Sun does the Moon and Stars. I would this Moment go and offer you my Heart, if I but knew where to find you; it belongs to you, dear Princess, and no body shall be the Possessor of it but you.

King *Saleh* would hear no more; he advanc'd immediately, and discover'd himself to King *Beder*. From what I have understood, Nephew, said he, you heard that which the Queen your Mother and I discours'd the other Day of the Princess *Gianhara*. It was not our Intention you should have known any thing, and we verily thought you were

asleep. My dear Uncle, reply'd King *Beder*, I heard every Word you said, and have sufficiently experienc'd the Effect you foretold; which it was not in your Power to prevent, I detain'd you on purpose to acquaint you with my Love before your Departure; but the Confusion I had to let you know my Weakness, if it be any to love so worthy a Princess as this seems to be, altogether seal'd my Mouth. I beseech you then, by the Friendship you profess for a Prince, that has the Honour to be so nearly ally'd to you, that you would pity me, and not delay to procure me the Content of the King of *Samandal*, that I may marry his Daughter, the adorable *Giauhara*, with all speed, unless you have a Mind to see me die with Love, before I have the Sight of her.

These Words of the King of *Persia* troubled much King *Saleb*. He gave him to understand how difficult it was to give him the Satisfaction he desir'd, and that he could not well do without carrying him along with him; which might be of dangerous Consequence, since his Presence was so absolutely necessary in his Kingdom, that the least Absence might occasion his Subjects to revolt. He conjur'd him therefore to moderate his Passion till such time as he had put things into a better Posture, assuring him he would use his utmost Diligence to content him, and when he had brought Matters to bear, he would come to acquaint him. But these reasons were not sufficient to satisfy the King of *Persia*. Cruel Uncle, said he, I find you do not love me so much as you pretended, and that you had rather see me die, than grant the first Request I ever made you.

I am ready to convince your Majesty, reply'd King *Saleb*, that I would do any thing to serve you in Reason, but as for carrying you along with me, I cannot do that till I have spoken to the Queen your Mother. What would she say if I should do this? If she consents, I am ready to do all you would have me. You cannot be ignorant, reply'd the King of *Persia*, that the Queen my Mother would never willingly part with me; and therefore this Excuse of yours does but yet farther convince me of the Hardness of your Heart. If you do really love me, as you would have me to believe you do, you must return to your Kingdom immediately and carry me along with you.

King

King *Saleh* finding himself in a Manner oblig'd to yield to his Nephew's Importunity, drew a Ring off his Finger, which was engrav'd with the same mysterious Names of God, that were upon *Solomon's* Seal that had wrought so many Wonders by their Virtue. Here, take this Ring, said he, put it upon your Finger, and fear neither the Waters of the Sea, nor their Depth. The King of *Persia* took the Ring, and when he had put it on his Finger, King *Saleh* said unto him. Follow me; when at the same time they both mounted leisurely up into the Air, and made towards the Sea, which was not far off, whereinto they jointly plung'd.

The Sea-King was not long a getting to his Palace, with the King of *Persia*, whom he immediately carry'd to the Queen's Apartment and presented him to her. The King of *Persia* kiss'd the Queen his Grand-mother's Hands, and she embrac'd him with great Demonstrations of Joy. I do not ask you how you do? said she to him, I see you are well enough, and I'm rejoyc'd at it; but I desire to know how my Daughter, and your Mother, Queen *Gulnare* does? The King of *Persia* took great Care not to let her know he came without her Consent; and therefore told her, the Queen his Mother was in perfect Health, and had enjoin'd him to pay her Duty to her: Then the Queen presented him to the Princesses; and while he was in Conversation with them, she left him, and went with King *Saleh* into a Closet. He there told her how the King of *Persia* was fallen in Love with the Princess *Giauhara*, upon the bare Relation of her Beauty, and contrary to his Intention, that he had brought him along with him, without being able to hinder it; and that he was going to concert Measures to procure the Princess for him in Marriage.

Although King *Saleh* was, to do him Justice, perfectly innocent of the King of *Persia's* Passion, yet the Queen could hardly forgive his Indiscretion, in mentioning the Princess *Giauhara* before him. Your Imprudence is beyond Parallel, said she to him; Can you think that the King of *Samandal*, whose Character is so well known, will have greater Consideration for you, than the many other Kings he has refus'd his Daughter to with Scorn and Contempt? Would you have him send you away with the same Confusion he has done them?

Madam, reply'd King *Saleh*, I have told you it was contrary to my Intention, that the King my Nephew, heard what I related of the Beauty of the Princess *Giauhara*, to the Queen my Sister. The Fault, if it be one, is already committed, and we must consider what a violent Passion he has for this Princess, and that he will die with Grief and Affliction, if we do not speedily obtain her for him, whatever Trouble we are at to do it. For my part, I shall omit nothing that may contribute to it, since I were, tho' innocently, the Cause of the Malady; I will therefore do all that I can to remedy it. I hope, Madam, you will approve of my Resolution, to go and wait upon the King of *Samandal*, with a rich Present of precious Stones, and demand the Princess his Daughter of him, for the King of *Persia*, your Grandson and my Nephew. I have some Reason to believe, he will not refuse me, nor neglect to Ally himself with one of the greatest Potentates of the Earth.

It were to have been wish'd, reply'd the Queen, that we had not been under a Necessity of making this Demand, since the Success of our Attempt is not so certain as we could desire; but since my Grandson's Quiet and Content totally depend upon it, I freely give my Consent to it. But, above all, I charge you, since you sufficiently know the Humour of the King of *Samandal*, that you take care to shew him due Respect, and not in any wise offend him, by too presuming a Behaviour.

The Queen prepar'd the Present her self, composing it of Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, and Strings of Pearl; all which she put into a Box, very neat, and very rich. Next Morning King *Saleh* took leave of her Majesty and the King of *Persia*, and departed with a chosen but small Troop of Officers, and other Attendants. He soon arriv'd at the Capital, and the Palace of the King of *Samandal*, who did not scruple to afford him Audience immediately upon his Arrival. He rose from his Throne as soon as he perceiv'd King *Saleh*, who being willing to forget his Character for some Moments, knowing whom he had to deal with, prostrated himself at his Feet, wishing him an Accomplishment of whatever he desir'd. The King of *Samandal* immediately stoop'd to take him up, and after he had plac'd him by him on his left Hand, he told him he was welcome,

and

and ask'd him, if there was any thing he could do to serve him.

Sir, answer'd King *Saleh*, tho' I should have no other Motive, than that of rendring my Respects to the most potent and most prudent Prince in the World, yet would I endeavour to convince your Majesty, tho' poorly, how much I honour and adore you. Were it possib'e you could penetrate into my inmost Soul, you would soon be confirm'd of the great Veneration I have had for you and the ardent Desire I entertain to pay you my most humble Acknowledgments. Having spoke these Words, he took the Box of Jewels from one of his Servants, and having open'd it, presented it to the King, imploring him to accept of it for his sake.

Prince, reply'd the King of *Samandal*, I hope you do not make me this Present without requiring a proportionable Benefit from me. If there be any thing within the Compasses of my Capacity, you may freely command it, and will do me a signal Honour in accepting it. Speak, and tell me frankly wherein I can serve you.

I must own ingeniously, reply'd King *Saleh*, I have a Boon to ask of your Majesty, but I shall take care to ask nothing but what is within your Power to grant. The Thing depends so absolutely on your self, that 'twould be to no other purpose to require it of any other. I ask it then with all possible Earnestness, and I beg you not to refuse it me. If it be so, reply'd the King of *Samandal*, you have nothing to do but to acquaint me what it is, and you shall see after what Manner I can oblige People of Desert.

Sir, said then King *Saleh*, after the Confidence your Majesty has been pleas'd to think I put in your good Will, I will not dissemble any longer, that I came to beg of you to honour our House with your Alliance by Marriage, and by that means to fortifie the good Understanding has always hitherto been between our two Crowns.

At these Words the King of *Samandal* began to laugh heartily, falling back in his Throne against a Cushion that supported him, and soon after said, with an injurious and scornful Air, to King *Saleh*; King *Saleh*, I have always hitherto thought you were a Prince of great Sense and Wisdom, but

now I find you just the contrary. Tell me, I beseech you, where was your Wit or Discretion, when you form'd to your self so great a Chimera, as you have but now propos'd to me. Could you conceive a Thought only of aspiring in Marriage to so great a Princess, as my Daughter. You ought to have consider'd better the great Distance between us, and not run the risque of losing in a Moment the Esteem I always had for your Person.

King *Saleh* was extremely nettled at this affronting Answer, and had much ado to retain his just Resentment; however he reply'd with greater Moderation than could be expected, God reward your Majesty according as you deserve. I beg the Honour to inform you, I do not demand the Princess in Marriage for my self: Had I done so, your Majesty, or the Princess, ought to have been so far from being offended, that you might rather have taken it for an Honour done both to one and the other. Your Majesty knows well; I am a King of the Sea, as well as your self; that the Kings, my Ancestors, have no reason to yield in Antiquity to any other Royal Families, and that the Kingdom I inherit from them is no less potent and flourishing than it has ever been. If your Majesty had not interrupted me, you had soon understood that the Favour I ask of you was not for my self, but the young King of *Persia*, my Nephew, whose Power and Grandeur, no less than his Personal good Qualities cannot be unknown to you. Every Body acknowledges the Princess *Giauhara* to be one of the finest Ladies under the Heavens; but it is at the same time acknowledg'd by all, that the young King of *Persia*, my Nephew, is as accomplish'd as any Prince, either upon the Land, or under the Water. Thus the Favour that is ask'd, being like to redound both to the Honour of your Majesty, and the Princess your Daughter, you ought not to delay your Consent to an Alliance so equal, and which no doubt, will be approv'd by the Generality of People. The Princess is worthy of the King of *Persia*, and the King of *Persia* is no less worthy of her. No King or Prince in the World can deny me this.

The King of *Samandal* had not let King *Saleh* go on so long after this Rate, had not the Rage he put him in, depriv'd him of all Power of Speech. He was moreover some time longer before he could find his Tongue, for

much

much he was transported with Passion. At length however he broke out into outrageous and injurious Expressions, unworthy of a King. Dog, says he aloud, dare you to talk to me after this Manner, and so much as once to mention my Daughter's Name in my Presence! Can you think the Son of your Sister *Gulnare* worthy to come in Competition with my Daughter? Who are you? Who was your Father? Who is your Sister? And who your Nephew? Was not his Father a Dog, and Son of a Dog like thee! Guards seize the insolent Wretch, and immediately cut off his Head.

The few Officers that were about the King of *Samandal* were immediately going to obey his Orders, when King *Saleh*, who was in the Flower of his Age, nimble and vigorous, got from them, before they could draw their Sabres; and having reach'd the Palace-Gate, he there found a thousand Men of his Relations and Friends well arm'd and equipp'd, who were but just arriv'd. The Queen his Mother having consider'd the small Number of Attendants he took with him, and moreover foreseeing the bad Reception he would probably have from the King of *Samandal*, she had sent these Troops to protect and defend him in case of Danger. Those of his Relations who were at the Head of this Troop, immediately saw how seasonably they were arriv'd, when they beheld him and his Companions come running in great Disorder, and a small Number of Officers at their Heels in pursuit of them. My Lord, cry'd out his Friends, at the moment he joyn'd them, what is the Matter? We are ready to revenge you: You need only command us.

King *Saleh* related his Case to them in as few Words as he could, and afterwards putting himself at the Head of a Large Troop, he whilst some seiz'd on the Gates, re-enter'd the Palace as before. The few Officers and Guards who had pursu'd him, being soon dispers'd, he re-enter'd the King of *Samandal*'s Apartment, who being abandon'd by his Attendants, was soon seiz'd. King *Saleh* left sufficient Guards to secure his Person, and then went from Apartment to Apartment, to search after the Princess *Giruhara*. But that Princess, on the first Noise of this Alarm, had, together with her Women, flung her self on the Surface of the Sea, and escap'd to a Desert-Island.

As Matters pass'd thus in the Palace of the King of *Samandal*, these of King *Saleh's* Attendants who had fled at the first Menaces of that King, put the Queen's Mother into a Terrible Consternation, upon relating the Danger her Son was in. King *Beder*, who was by at that time, was the more concern'd in that he look'd upon himself as the principal Author of all the Mischief that might ensue; Therefore not caring to abide the Queen's Presence any longer, he whilst she was giving the necessary Orders at that Conjunction, darted himself upwards from the Bottom of the Sea; and not knowing how to find his Way to the Kingdom of *Persia*, he happen'd to light on the same Island, where the Princess *Giauhara* had sav'd her self.

The Prince, not a little disturb'd in Mind, went and seated himself under the Shade of a large Tree, surrounded with divers others. Whilst he was endeavouring to recover his Temper, he heard one that talk'd, but was too far off to understand what was said. He arose, and advanc'd softly towards the Place whence the Sound came, where among the Branches he perceiv'd a Beauty that dazzl'd him. Doubtless, said he within himself, stopping, and considering her with great Attention, this must be the Princess *Giauhara*, whom Fear has oblig'd to abandon her Father's Palace: Or if it be not, she is at least, one that no less deserves my Love and Admiration. This said, he mov'd forward, and discovering himself, approach'd the Princess with profound Reverence. Madam, said he, I can never sufficiently thank Heaven for the Favour it has done me in regaling my Eyes this Day with so glorious a Sight. A greater Blessing could not be conferr'd on me than this Opportunity to offer you my most humble Services. I beseech you therefore, Madam, to accept them, it being impossible that a Lady under such solitary Circumstances should not want Assistance.

True, my Lord, reply'd *Giauhara* very sorrowfully, 'tis not a little extraordinary for a Lady of my Quality to be found in this Condition. I am a Prince, Daughter of the King of *Samandal*, and my Name is *Giauhara*. As I was at Ease in my Father's Palace, and my Apartment, I, all of a sudden heard a dreadful Noise; News was immediately brought me, that King *Saleh*, I know not for what Reason,

son, had fir'd the Palace, seiz'd upon the King my Father, and murder'd all the Guards that made any Resistance. I had only time to save my self, and escape hither from his Violence.

At these Words of the Princess, King *Beder* began to be concern'd that he had quitted his Grandmother so hastily, without staying to hear from her the News had been brought her. But he was, on the other Hand, overjoy'd to find that the King his Uncle had render'd himself Master of the King of *Samandal's* Person, not doubting but he would consent to give up the Princess for his Liberty. Adorable Princess, continu'd he, your Concern is most just; but it is easy to put an End both to that and your Father's Captivity. You will agree with me, when I shall tell you that I am *Beder*, King of *Persia*, and King *Saleh* is my Uncle. I assure you Madam, he has no Design to seize upon the King your Father's Dominions; his only intent is to obtain of him, that I may have the Honour to be receiv'd for his Son-in-Law. I had already given my Heart to you upon the bare Relation of your charming Beauty; and now, very far from repenting of what I have done, I beg of you to accept it, and to be assur'd that I will love you as long as I live. I dare flatter my self you will not refuse this Favour, but be ready to acknowledge, that a King that quitted his Dominions purely on your Account, deserves some Favour. Permit then, beauteous Princess! that I have the Honour to go and present you to the King my Uncle; and the King your Father shall no sooner have consented to our Marriage, but King *Saleh* will leave him Sovereign of his Dominions, as before.

This Declaration of King *Beder* had not at all the Success he could have desir'd. 'Tis true, the Princess no sooner saw his Person, and the good Mien wherewith he accosted her, but she had some Kindness for him; but when she came to understand from his own Mouth, that he had been the Occasion of all the ill Treatment her Father had undergone, of the Grief and Fright she had endur'd, and especially the Necessity she was reduc'd to, in flying her Country, to save her Life, she look'd upon him with that Horror, that she consider'd him rather as an Enemy than a Friend, with whom she resolv'd to have no manner of Conversation. Moreover whatever Inclination she might by any means

be thought to have, in regard to this Marriage, she determin'd never to yield to it, in consideration that one of the Reasons her Father might have against this Match, might be, that King *Beder* was son of a King of the Earth: And therefore she purpos'd to obey her Father, especially in that Particular.

She, nevertheless, resolv'd to let King *Beder* know nothing of her Resentment, and only sought an Occasion to deliver her self dextrously out of his Hands, seeming in the mean time to have a great Kindness for him. Are you then, my Dear, said she, with all possible Civility, Son of that Queen *Gulnare*, so famous for her Wit and Beauty? I am highly glad of it, and moreover rejoyce that you are the Son of so worthy a Mother. The King my Father was much in the wrong, for so strongly opposing our Conjunction: He could no sooner have seen you, but he must have consented to have made us both happy. Saying these Words, she reach'd forth her Hand to him as a Token of Friendship.

King *Beder*, believing himself arriv'd at the very Pinnacle of Happiness, held forth his Hand, and was stooping to take that of the Princess to kiss it, when she pushing him back, and spitting at him, said, Wretch, quit that Form of a Man, and take one of a white Bird, with a Red Bill and Feet. Upon her pronouncing these Words, King *Beder* was immediately chang'd into a Bird of that sort, to his Great Surprise and Astonishment. Take him now, said she to one of her Women, and carry him to the *Desart-Island*. The Island was only one frightful Rock, where there was not a Drop of Water to be had.

The waiting Woman took the Bird, and in executing her Princess's Orders, had compassion on King *Beder*'s Destiny. It would be great Pity, said she to her self, to let a Prince, so worthy to live, die of Hunger and Thirst. The Princess will, it may be, repent of what she has order'd, when she comes again to her self; it were better that I carry'd him to a Place, where he may die a natural Death. She carry'd him then to a well-frequented Island, and lett him in a Charming Plain, planted with all sorts of Fruit-Trees, and water'd by divers Rivulets.

Let us return to King *Saleh*. After he had fought a good while for the Princess *Giauhara*, and order'd others to seek for her to no Purpose, he caus'd the King of *Samandal* to be shut up in his Palace, under a good Guard; and having given the necessary Orders for governing the Kingdom in his Absence, he return'd to give the Queen his Mother an Account of what he had done. The first Thing he ask'd upon his Arrival, was, Where the King his Nephew was? And he was answer'd, to his great Surprize and Astonishment, that he disappear'd soon after he left him. News being brought me, said the Queen, of the Danger you were in at the Palace of the King of *Samandal*, whilst I was giving Orders to send Troops for you to revenge your self, he disappear'd. He must necessarily have been frighten'd at the hearing of your being in to great Danger, and did not think himself in sufficient Security with us.

This News exceedingly afflicted King *Saleh*, and now repented of his being so easily wrought upon by King *Beder*, as to carry him away with him without his Mother's Consent. He sent every where after him, but whatever Diligence was us'd, he could hear no News of him; and instead of the Joy he conceiv'd at having carry'd on the Marriage so far, which he look'd upon as his own Work, he felt a Grief for this Accident, that was very mortifying to him. Whilst he was under Suspence about his Nephew, he left his Kingdom to the Administration of his Mother, and went and govern'd that of the King of *Samandal*, which he continu'd to keep with great Vigilance, tho' with all due Respect to his own Character.

The same Day that King *Saleh* return'd to the Kingdom of *Samandal*, Queen *Gulnare*, Mother to King *Beder*, arriv'd at the Court of the Queen her Mother. The Princess was not at all surpriz'd to find her Son did not return the same Day he set out: 'Twas common for him to go further than he propos'd in the Heat of the Chase; but when she saw he neither return'd the next Day, nor the Day after that, she began to be alarm'd, as may easily be imagin'd from the Kindness she profess'd for him. This Alarm was considerably augmented, when the Officers, who had accompany'd the King, and were retir'd after they had for a long time sought in vain both for him and his Uncle,

came

came, and told her Majesty they must of Necessity have come to some Harm, since whatever Diligence they had us'd, they could hear no Tidings of them. Their Horses indeed they had found, but as for their Persons, they knew not where to look for them. The Queen hearing this, dissembled and conceal'd her affliction, bidding the Officers go search once more with their utmost Diligence; but in the mean time, saying nothing to no Body, she went and plung'd into the Sea, to satisfy her self in the Suspicion she had that King *Saleh* must have carry'd away his Nephew along with him.

This great Queen would have been the more affectionately receiv'd by the Queen her Mother, had she not upon first Sight of her, guess'd the Occasion of her Coming. Daughter, said she, I plainly perceive you are not come hither to visit me, you came only to enquire after the King your Son; and I can only tell you such News of him as will augment both your Grief and mine. I must confess I no sooner saw him arrive in our Territories, but I greatly rejoic'd; yet when I came to understand he had come away without your Knowledge, I began to partake with you in the Concern you must needs have at it. Then she related to her with what Zeal King *Saleh* went to demand the Princess *Giaubara* in Marriage for King *Beder*, and what happen'd upon it, till such Time as her Son disappear'd. I have sent diligently after him, added she, and the King my Son, who is just gone to govern the Kingdom of *Samandul*, has done all that lay in his Power on his Part. All our Endeavours have hitherto prov'd unsuccessful, but we hope nevertheless to see him again; perhaps when we least expect it.

Comfortless Queen *Gulnara* was not satisfy'd with this Hope; she look'd upon the King her dear Son as lost, and she lamented him grievously, laying all the Blame on the King his Uncle. The Queen her Mother made her to consider the Necessity there was of her not yielding too much to her Grief. The King your Brother, said she, ought not, 'tis true, to have talk'd to you so inconsiderately about that Marriage, nor ever to have consented to carry away the King my Grandson, without your Privacy; yet since it is not certain, that the King of *Persia* is absolutely lost, you ought to neglect nothing to preserve his Kingdom for him:

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Lose then no more Time; but return to your Capital; your Presence there will be necessary, and it will not be hard for you to preserve the publick Peace, by causing it to be publish'd, that the King of *Persia* was gone to visit his Grandmother.

This Reason was sufficient to oblige Queen *Gulnare* to submit to it. She took leave of the Queen her Mother, and was got back to the Palace of her Capital of *Persia* before she had been miss'd. She dispatch'd immediately Persons to recal the Officers she had sent after the King, and tell them, she knew where his Majesty was, and that they should soon see him again. She also caus'd the same Report to be spread throughout the City, and governed in concert with the Prime Minister and Council, with the same Tranquillity as if the King had been present.

To return to King *Beder*, whom the Princess *Gianbara's* Waiting-Woman had carry'd and left in the Island before mention'd. That Monarch was not a little surpriz'd, when he found himself alone, and under the Form of a Bird. He esteem'd himself yet more unhappy, in that he knew not where he was, nor in what part of the World the Kingdom of *Persia* lay. But if he had known, and sufficiently knew the Force of his Wings, to traverse so vast watery Regions, what then? What could he have gain'd by it, but the Mortification to continue still in the same ill Plight, and not be accounted so much as a Man, in lieu of being acknowledg'd for King of *Persia*. He was then in a manner constrain'd to remain where he was, and live upon such Nourishment as Birds of his Kind were wont to have.

A few Days after, a Peasant, that was skill'd in taking Birds with Nets, chanc'd to come to the Place where he was, when perceiving this fine Bird, the like of which he had never seen; tho' he had us'd that Sport for a long while, he began greatly to rejoyce. He employ'd all his Art to become Master of him; and at length us'd such proper Methods, that he took him: Overjoy'd at so great a Prize, which he look'd upon to be more worth than all the other Birds he commonly took, by reason of its being so great a Rarity, he shut it up in a Cage, and carry'd it to the City. As soon as he was come into the Market, a Citizen stopt him,

him, and ask'd him how much he would have for that Bird?

Instead of answering, the Peasant demanded of the Citizen, what he would do with him in case he should buy him? What would'st thou have me to do with him, answer'd the Citizen, but roast and eat him? Very well, reply'd the Peasant; and so, I suppose you would think me well paid, if you should give me the smallest Piece of Money for him. But know, I set a much higher Value upon him, and you should not have him for a large Piece of Gold. Although I'm pretty well advanc'd in Years, I never saw such a Bird in my Life. I intend to make a Present to the King of him, and he sure will know the Worth of him better than you.

Without staying any longer in the Market, the Peasant went directly to the Court, and plac'd himself exactly before the King's Apartment. His Majesty being at a Window where he could see all that pass'd in the Base-Court, he at length chanc'd to cast his Eyes on this beautiful Bird, and being charm'd with the Sight of it, he immediately sent the Commander of the Eunuchs, to buy it for him. The Officer going to the Peasant, demanded of him how much he would have for that Bird? If it be for his Majesty, answer'd the Peasant, I humbly beg of him to accept it of me as a Present, and I desire you to carry it him. Hereupon the Officer took the Bird, and brought it to the King, who found it so great a Rarity, that he order'd the same Officer to take ten Pieces of Gold, and carry them to the Peasant, who departed very well satisfied with the Market he had made. The King order'd the Bird to be put into a magnificent Cage, and gave it Corn and Water in rich Vessels.

His Majesty being then ready to mount on Horse-back, had no Time to consider the Bird, therefore had it brought to him, as soon as he came back. The Officer brought the Cage, and the King, that he might the better view the Bird, took it out himself, and perch'd it upon his Hand. Looking earnestly upon it, he demanded of the Officer, if he had seen it eat? Sir, reply'd the Officer, your Majesty may observe his Eating: The Drawer is still full, and I believe he has hardly touch'd any of his Meat, at least, I did not see him. Then the King order'd him Meat of divers sorts, that he might take what he lik'd best.

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The Table being spread for Dinner, happen'd to serve up just as the King had given these Orders, and the Plates being plac'd, the Bird leap'd off the King's-Hand, and clapping his Wings, flew upon the Table, where he began to peck the Bread and Victuals after an extraordinary rate. The King seeing this, was so surpriz'd at it, that he immediately sent for the Queen, to come and see this Miracle. The Person that was sent, related the Matter to her Majesty, and she came forthwith; but she no sooner saw the Bird, but she cover'd her Face with her Veil, and would have retir'd. The King admiring her Proceeding, in that there were none but the Eunuchs of the Chamber, and the Women that waited on her, ask'd the Reason of it.

Sir, answer'd the Queen, your Majesty will no longer admire at my Proceeding, when you come to know, that this Bird which you take to be such, is no Bird, but a Man. Madam, said the King, more astonish'd than before, you are pleas'd to banter me, I suppose; but you shall never persuade me, that a Bird can be a Man. Sir, reply'd the Queen, far be it from me to banter your Majesty; yet nothing is more certain, than what I have had the Honour, to tell you.

I can assure your Majesty, it is the King of *Persia*, nam'd *Beder*, Son of the celebrated *Gulnare*, Princess of one of the largest Kingdoms of the Sea, Nephew of *Saleh*, King of that Kingdom, and Grandchild of Queen *Farasche*, Mother of *Gulnare* and *Saleh*; and it was the Princess *Giauhara*, Daughter of the King of *Samandal*, who thus metamorphos'd him into a Bird: Moreover, that the King might no longer doubt of what she affirm'd, she told him the whole Story, as how, and for what reason the Princess *Giauhara* had thus reveng'd her self, for the ill Treatment which King *Saleh* had us'd towards the King of *Samandal*, her Father.

The King had the less Difficulty to believe this Assertion of the Queen's, in that he knew her to be a skilful Sorceress, perhaps one of the greatest in the World. And as she knew every thing which pass'd in it, he was always timely informed of the Designs of the Kings his Neighbours against him, and so prevented them. His Majesty had Compassion on the King of *Persia*, and therefore earnestly sought

bought his Queen to break the Enchantment, that he might return to his own Form.

The Queen consented to it with great Willingness. Sir, said she to the King, be pleas'd to take the Bird into your Closet, and I will soon shew you a thing worthy of the Consideration you have for him. The Bird, which had never minded eating, by reason of his Attentiveness to what the King and Queen said, would not give his Majesty the Trouble to take him, but hopp'd into the Closet before him; and the Queen came in soon after, with a Pot full of Water in her Hand. She mumbled over the Pot some Words unknown to the King, till such time as the Water began to boil; when she took some of it in her Hand, and sprinkling a little upon the Bird, said, By virtue of these holy and mysterious Words I am going to pronounce, and in the Name of the Creator both of Heaven and Earth, who raises the Dead, and maintains the Universe in its distinct State, quit that Form of a Bird, and re-assume that which thou hast receiv'd from thy Creator.

The Words were scarce out of the Queen's Mouth, but instead of a Bird, the King saw a young Prince of good Shape, Air, and Mein. King *Beder* immediately fell on his Knees, and thank'd God for the Mercy had been bestow'd upon him. Then he took the King's Hand, who help'd him up, and kiss'd it as a Token of his Acknowledgment; but the King embrac'd him with a great deal of Joy, and testified to him the great Satisfaction he had to see him. He would then pay his Acknowledgments to the Queen, but she was already retir'd to her Apartment. The King made him sit at Table with him, and after Supper was over, he pray'd him to relate to him, how the Princess *Gianhara* had had the Inhumanity to transform into a Bird so agreeable and amiable a Prince as he was, and the King of *Persia* immediately apply'd himself to satisfy him. When he had done, the King disdaining the Proceeding of the Princess, could not help blaming her. It was commendable, said he, in the Princess of *Saman-dal*, not to be insensible of the King her Father's ill Treatment, but to carry her Vengeance so far, and especially against one that was not culpable, was by no means to be excus'd,

excus'd, and she'll never be able to justify her self. But let us have done with this Discourse, and tell me, I beseech you, in what I can further serve you.

Sir, answer'd King *Beder*, my Obligation to your Majesty has been so great, that I ought to remain with you all my Life-time to testify my Acknowledgments; but since your Majesty has set no Limits to your Generosity, I humbly intreat you to grant me one of your Ships to transport me to *Persia*, where I fear my Absence, which has been but too long; may have occasion'd some Disorder, and moreover that the Queen my Mother, from whom I conceal'd my Departure, may be dead of Grief, under the Uncertainty she must needs be of my Life or my Death.

The King granted what he desir'd with all the good Will imaginable, and immediately gave Orders for equipping one of his largest Ships, and best Sailors, in all his numerous Fleet. The Ship was soon furnish'd with all its Compliment of Men, Provisions and Ammunition; and as soon as the Wind became fair, King *Beder* embark'd after having taken Leave of the King, and thank'd him for all his Favours.

The Ship sail'd before the Wind for ten Days together, which made it advance considerably. The eleventh Day the Wind chang'd; and becoming very violent, there follow'd a furious Tempest. The Ship was not only driven out of its Course, but so grievously agitated, that all its Masts were brought by the Board; and driving along at the Pleasure of the Wind, it at length struck against a Rock, and bulg'd.

The greatest part of the People were drown'd, though some few were sav'd by swimming, and others by getting on Pieces of the Wreck. King *Beder* was one of the last; when after having been toss'd about for some time under great Uncertainty of his Fate, he at length perceiv'd himself near the Shore, and not far from a City, that seem'd large. He us'd his utmost Endeavours to reach the Land, and was at length so fortunate, to come so near, to be able to touch the Ground with his Feet. He then immediately abandon'd his Piece of Wood, which had been of so great Service to him; but when he came pretty near the Shore, he was greatly surpriz'd to see
Horses,

Horses, Camels, Mules, Asses, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, and other Animals, crouding towards the Shore, and putting themselves in a Posture to oppose his Landing. He had all the Difficulty in the World to conquer their Obstinacy, and force his Way; but at length he did it, which when done, he shelter'd himself among the Rocks, till such time as he had recovered his Breath, and dry'd his Cloaths in the Sun.

When the Prince advanc'd to enter the City, he met with the same Opposition from these Animals, who seem'd to intend to make him forego his Design, and give him to understand it was dangerous to proceed.

King *Beder*, however got into the City soon after, and saw many fair and spacious Streets, but was surpriz'd to find never a Man there. This made him to think it was not without Cause that so many Animals had oppos'd his Passage. Going forward, nevertheless he observ'd divers Shops open, which gave him reason to believe the Place was not destitute of Inhabitants as he imagin'd. He approach'd one of these Shops, where several sorts of Fruits were expos'd to sale, and saluted very courteously an old Man that was sitting there.

The old Man, who was busy about something, suddenly lifted up his Head, and seeing a Youth that show'd some Grandeur in his Air, started, and ask'd him whence he came? and what Business had brought him thither? King *Beder* satisfy'd him in a few Words; and the old Man farther ask'd him, if he had met any body on the Road. You are the first Person I have seen, answer'd the King, and I cannot comprehend how so fine and large a City comes to be without Inhabitants. Come in, Sir, stay no longer upon the Threshold, reply'd the old Man, or peradventure some Misfortune may happen to you. I'll satisfy your Curiosity at leisure, and give you a reason why 'tis necessary you should take this Precaution.

King *Beder* would not be bid twice; he enter'd the Shop, and sat himself down by the old Man. The old Man, who had learnt from him an Account of his Misfortunes, knew he must needs want Nourishment, therefore immediately presented him with what was necessary to recover his Spirits; and altho' King *Beder* was very earnest

next to know why he gave him that Precaution, before he enter'd the Shop, he wou'd nevertheless not be prevail'd upon to tell him any thing till he had done eating, for fear the sad Things he had to relate might baulk his Appetite. In a Word, when he found he eat no longer, he said to him, you have great Reason to thank God you got hither without any ill Accident. Alas, why? reply'd King *Be-der*, very much surpriz'd and alarm'd.

Because, answer'd he, this City is the *City of Enchantments*, and govern'd not by a King, but a Queen, who is not only one of the finest Women of her Sex, but likewise a dangerous Sorceress. You will be convinced of this, added he, when you come to know that these Horses, Mules, and other Animals that you have seen, are so many Men like you and me, whom she has transform'd by her diabolical Art. And for young Men like you only, that came to enter into the City, she has hir'd Servants to stop, and bring them, either by good Will or Force, before her. She receives them with all the seeming Civility in the World, she caresses them, she treats and lodges them magnificently, and gives them so many Reasons to believe that she loves them, that they think they cannot be mistaken. But she does not suffer them to enjoy long this Happiness. Not one of them but she has transformed into some Animal, or Bird, within the Space of forty Days. You told me some Animals presented themselves to oppose your Landing, and hinder your entering the City; and I must now tell you, they were your Friends, and what they did, was to make you comprehend the Danger you were going to expose your self to.

This Account afflicted exceedingly the young King of *Persia*, Alas! cry'd he out aloud, to what Extremities has my ill Fortune reduc'd me! I am hardly freed from one Enchantment, which I look back upon with Horror; but I incur another much more terrible to me. This gave him occasion to relate his Story to the old Man much more at length, and to acquaint him of his Birth, Quality, his Passion for the Princess of *Samandal*, and her Cruelty, in changing him into a Bird the very Moment he came to see and declare his Love to her.

When

When the Prince came to that Passage, where he spake of his good Fortune, in finding a Queen that broke the Enchantment, the old Man said to him, notwithstanding all I have told you of the Magick Queen be true, yet that ought not to give you the least disquiet, since I am generally belov'd throughout the City, and am not even unknown to the Queen herself, who has no small Respect for me, therefore 'twas your peculiar Happiness to address your self to me rather than elsewhere. You are secure in my House, where I advise you to continue, if you think fit; and, providing you do not stray from hence, I dare assure you, you will have no just Cause to complain of my Breach of Faith; so that you are under no sort of Constraint whatsoever.

King Beder thank'd the old Man for his kind Reception of him; and the Protection he was pleas'd to afford him. Then he sat down at the Entrance into the Shop, where he no sooner appear'd, but his Youth and good Mein drew the Eyes of all that pass'd that way on him. Many stopp'd and complimented the old Man, on his having so fine a Slave, as they imagin'd the King to be, and they could not comprehend how so beautiful a Youth could escape the Queen's Knowledge. Believe not, said the old Man, this is a Slave: You all know that I am not rich enough to have one of this Consequence. He is my Nephew, Son of a Brother of mine that is dead; and as I had no Children of my own, I sent for him to keep me Company. They all congratulated his good Fortune, in having so fine a young Man for his Relation; but withal told him, they feared the Queen would take him from him. You know her well, said they to him, and you cannot be ignorant of the Danger you expose your self and Nephew to, after all the Examples you have seen of the kind. How griev'd wou'd you be, if she should serve you as she has done so many others?

I am oblig'd to you, Gentlemen, reply'd the old Man, for your good Will towards me, and I thank you for the Care you seem to take of my Interest, but I shall never entertain the least Thought that the Queen will do me any Injury, after all the Kindness she has profess'd for me. In case she happens to hear of this young Man, and speaks to me about him. I doubt not she will be contented to
excuse

excuse him, so soon as she comes to know he is my Nephew.

The old Man was exceeding glad to hear the Commendations they bestow'd on the young King of *Persia*. He was as much affected with them, as if he had been his own Son, and he conceiv'd such a Kindness for him, as augmented every Day during the Stay he made with him. They lived about a Month together, when King *Beder* sitting at the Shop-Door, after his ordinary manner. Queen *Labe* (so was the Magick Queen's Name) happen'd to come by with great Pomp. The young King no sooner perceiv'd the Guards coming, who marched before her, but he arose, and going into the Shop, asked the old Man what all that Show meant? The Queen is coming by, answer'd he; but stand you still, and fear nothing.

The Queen's Guards, cloathed in Purple, and well armed and mounted, march'd in four Files, with their Sabres drawn to the Number of a Thousand, and not one of their Officers, but as they pass'd by the Shop, saluted the old Man. Then follow'd a like Number of Eunuchs, habited in Brocard-Silk, and better mounted, whose Officers did the old Man the like Honours. Next came as many young Ladies on Foot, equally beautiful, richly dress'd, and set off with precious Stones. They march'd gravely, with half Pikes in their Hands; and in the midst of them appear'd Queen *Labe*, on a Horse all glittering with Diamonds, with a Golden Saddle, and a Housing of inestimable Price. All the young Ladies saluted the old Man, as they pass'd by him, and the Queen mov'd with the good Mein of King *Beder*, stopp'd as soon as she came over against the Shop. *Abdallah* (so was the old Man's Name) said she to him, Tell me, I beseech thee, does that beautiful and charming Slave belong to thee? And is it long that thou has been in Possession of him?

Abdallah, before he answer'd the Queen, threw himself on the Ground, and rising again, said, Madam, it is my Nephew, Son of a Brother I had, who has been dead for some Time. Having no Children, I look upon him as my Son, and sent for him to come and comfort me, intending to leave him what I have when I die.

Queen

Queen *Labe*, who had never yet seen any one that pleas'd her so well as King *Beder*, and who began to conceive a mighty Passion for him, thought immediately of getting the old Man to abandon him to her. Father, quoth she, will not you oblige me so far, as to make me a Present of this young Man? Do not refuse me, I conjure you; and I swear by the Fire and the Light, I'll make him as great and powerful as never private Man was in the World. Altho' my Design be to do Evil to all Mankind, yet he shall be the sole Exception. I trust you will grant me what I desire, more on the Account of the Friendship you have for me, than the Esteem you know I always had, and shall ever have for your Person.

Madam, reply'd the good *Abdallah*, I am infinitely oblig'd to your Majesty for all the Kindness you have for me, and the Honours you purpose to do my Nephew. He is not worthy to approach so great a Queen, and I humbly beseech your Majesty to excuse him.

Abdallah, reply'd the Queen, I all along flatter'd my self you lov'd me, and I could never have thought you would have given me so evident a Token of your slighting my Request. But I here swear once more by the Fire and Light, and even by whatsoever is most sacred in my Religion, that I will pass on no farther till I have conquer'd thy Obstinacy. I understand very well what raises Fears in thee; but here I promise, thou shalt never have any Occasion to repent thy having trusted me.

Old *Abdallah* was exceedingly griev'd in relation to King *Beder* and himself, for being in a Manner forc'd to obey the Queen. Madam, therefore, reply'd he, I would not willingly have your Majesty have an ill Opinion of the sincere Respect I have for you, but would always contribute whatever I can to oblige you. I put an entire Confidence in your Royal Word, and I do not in the least doubt but you will keep it. I only beg of your Majesty, to delay doing this great Honour to my Nephew, till you shall again pass by this Way. That shall be to Morrow, quoth the Queen; and so saying, she inclin'd her Head as a Token of her being pleas'd, and so went forwards towards her Palace.

When Queen *Labe* and all her Attendants were out of Sight, the good *Abdallah* said to King *Beder*, Son, (for so he was wont to call him, for fear of some time or other betraying himself in publick) it has not been in my Power, as you may have observ'd, to refuse the Queen what she demanded of me with so great Earnestness, to the End I might not force her to an Extremity of employing her Magick both against you and my self. But I have some Reason to believe she will use you well, as she promised, on Account of that particular Esteem she profess'd for me. This you may have seen by the Respect both she and all her Court paid me. She would be a curs'd Creature indeed, if she should deceive me; but in case she should, she shall not deceive me unreveng'd, for I know how to be even with her.

All these Assurances, which appear'd very doubtful, were not sufficient to support King *Beder's* Spirits. After all you have told me of this Queen's Wickedness, reply'd he, you cannot wonder, if I am somewhat fearful to approach her; I should, it may be, slight all you could tell me of her, and suffer my self to be dazled by the Lustre of Grandeur that surrounds her, if I had not already been at the Mercy of a Sorceress. The Condition I was in, through the Enchantment of the Princess *Gianubara*, and from whence I was deliver'd only to enter anew into another, has made me to look upon such a Fate with Horror. His Tears hinder'd him from going on any further, and sufficiently show'd with what Repugnance he beheld himself in a Manner under a fatal Necessity of being deliver'd to Queen *Labe*.

Son, reply'd old *Abdallah*, do not afflict your self; for tho', I must own, there is no great Stress to be laid upon the Oaths and Promises of so pernicious a Queen, yet I must withal acquaint you, her Power extends no further than I am pleas'd to permit it: She knows it full well her self; and that is the Reason and no other, that she pays me so great Respect. I can quickly hinder her from doing you the least Harm, tho' she should be perfidious enough to attempt it. You may entirely depend upon me, and providing you follow exactly the Advice I shall give you,

you, before I abandon you to her, she shall have no more Power over you, than she has over me.

The Magick Queen did not fail to pass by the old Man's Shop the next Day, with the same Pomp she had done the Day before, and *Abdallah* waited for her with great Respect. Father, cry'd she, stopping just against him, you may judge of my Impatience to have your Nephew with me, by my punctual Coming to put you in Mind of your Promise. I know you are a Man of your Word, and I cannot think you will break it with me.

Abdallah, who fell on his Knees as soon as he saw the Queen approaching, rose up when she had done speaking; and as he would have nobody hear what he had a Mind to say to her, he advanc'd with great Respect as far as her Horse's Head, and then said softly, Puissant Queen! I am perswaded your Majesty will not be offended at my seeming Unwillingness to trust my Nephew with you Yesterday, since you cannot be ignorant of the Reasons I had for it; but I conjure you to lay aside the Secrets of that Art, which you possess in so wonderful a Degree. I respect my Nephew as my own Son; and your Majesty would reduce me to the utmost Despair, if you should think fit to deal with him, as you have done by others.

I promise you once I will not, reply'd the Queen, and I once more repeat the Oath I made Yesterday, that neither you nor your Nephew shall have any Cause to be offended at me. I see plainly, added she, you are not yet well enough acquainted with me, you never saw me yet but thro' a Veil; but as I find your Nephew worthy of my Friendship, I will show you I am not any ways unworthy of his: With that she threw off her Veil, and discover'd to King *Beder*, who came near her with *Abdallah*, an incomparable Face. But King *Beder* was little charm'd; it is not enough, said he within himself, to be beautiful, one's Actions ought to correspond in Regularity with one's Features.

Whilst King *Beder* was making these Reflections, with his Eyes fix'd on Queen *Labe*, the old Man turn'd towards him, and taking him by the Arm, presented him to her Majesty. Here he is, Madam, said he, and I beg of your Majesty once more to remember he is my Nephew, and to let him come, and see me sometimes. The Queen promis'd he should;

should; and to give a further Assurance of her Acknowledgment, she caus'd a Bag of a thousand pieces of Gold to be given him. He excus'd himself at first from receiving them, but she insisted absolutely upon it, and he could not refuse her. She had caus'd a Horse to be brought as richly harness'd and set out as her own, for the King of *Persia*. Whilst he was mounting him, I forgot said the Queen to *Abdallah*, to ask your Nephew's Name; pray how is he call'd? He answering his Name was *Beder*, (*The Full Moon*) her Majesty reply'd, Sure your Ancestors were mistaken, they ought to have given you the Name of *Shems*, (*The Sun*.)

When King *Beder* was mounted, he would have taken his Post behind the Queen, but she would not suffer him, and made him to ride on her Left-Hand. She look'd upon *Abdallah*, and after having made him an Inclination with her Head, she set forward on her March.

Instead of observing a Satisfaction in the People's Faces, at the Sight of their Sovereign, King *Beder* took Notice that they rather despis'd and curs'd her. The Sorcerers, said some, has got a new Subject to exercise her Wick-edness upon: Will Heaven never deliver the World from her Tyranny? Poor Stranger! cry'd out others, thou art much deceiv'd if thou think'st thine Happiness will last long. It is to render thy Fall more terrible, that she has rais'd thee so high. This Talk gave King *Beder* to understand *Abdallah* had told him nothing but the Truth of Queen *Labe*; but as he now depended no longer on him, he had Recourse to Divine Providence, to free him from the Danger he was got into.

The Magick Queen arriv'd at her Palace, whither she was no sooner come, but she alighted, and giving her Hand to King *Beder*, enter'd with him, accompany'd by her Women, and the Officers of her Eunuchs. She herself show'd him all her Apartment, where there was nothing to be seen but massy Gold, precious Stones, and Furniture of wonderful Magnificence. When she had carry'd him into her Closet, she led him out into a Balcony from whence he observ'd a Garden of surprizing Beauty. King *Beder* commended all he saw with a great deal of Wit, but nevertheless so, that he might not be discover'd to be any other than old *Abdallah's* Nephew.

They discours'd of divers indifferent Matters, till such time as News was brought the Queen, that Dinner was upon the Table.

The Queen and King *Beder* arose, and went to place themselves at Table, which was of pure massy Gold, and the Plates of the same Metal. They began to eat, but did not drink till almost the Desert came, when the Queen caus'd a Cup to be fill'd with excellent Wine: She took it, and drank to King *Beder's* Health; and then causing it to be fill'd again, presented it to him. King *Beder* received it with profound Respect, and by a very low Bow, signify'd to her Majesty, that he likewise drank to her Health.

Soon after, ten of Queen *Labe's* Women enter'd with Musical Instruments, with which and their Voices they made an agreeable Confort, during the whole Drinking; both which was continued till late at Night. At length both began to be so heated with Wine, that King *Beder* insensibly forgot he had to do with a Magick Queen, and look'd upon her only as the finest Woman he ever saw. As soon as the Queen perceiv'd she had wrought him to the Pitch she desir'd, she made a Sign to her Eunuchs and Women to retire. They obey'd, and King *Beder* and she went and lay together all Night.

Next Morning the Queen and King *Beder* went to the Bagnio; and as soon as they came out, the Women that had serv'd the King there, presented him with fine Linnen, and a magnificent Habit. The Queen likewise, who was more splendidly dress'd than the Day before, came to receive him, and they went together to her Apartment, where they had a good Repast brought them, and spent the Remainder of the Day in Walking and other Amusements.

Queen *Labe* treated King *Beder* after this manner for forty Days, as she had been accusom'd to do to all her Lovers. The 40th Night, as they were lying together, she believing he was really asleep, arose, without making any Noise; but he was awake, and perceiving she had some Design upon him, watch'd all her Motions. Being up, she open'd a Chest from whence she took a little Box, full of a certain yellow Powder: Taking some of the Powder, she laid a Train of it cross the Chamber, and

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immediately flow'd in a Rivulet of Water, to the great Astonishment of King *Beder*. He trembled with Fear, but still pretended to sleep, that he might not discover to the Sorcerers he was awake.

Queen *Labe* next took up some of the Water in a Pot and pour'd it into a Bason, where there was Flower; with which she made a Pasty, and kneaded it for a long Time: Then she mix'd certain Drugs with it, which she took from different Boxes, and made a Cake, and put it into a cover'd Baking-Pan. As she had taken Care at first to make a good Fire, she took some of the Coals, and set the Pan upon them; and as the Cake was baking, she put up her Pot and Boxes again; and at the pronouncing of certain Words, dismiss'd the Rivuler, which appear'd no more. When the Cake was bak'd, she took it off the Coals, and carry'd it into her Closet, and afterwards return'd to Bed again to King *Beder*, who dissimbled the Matter so well with her, that she had not the least Suspicion, that he knew any thing of what she had done.

King *Beder*, whom the Pleasures and Delights of a Court had made to forget his good Host *Abdallah*, began now to think of him again, and believ'd he had more than ordinary Occasion for his Advice at this Juncture, since he saw all the Queen had done that Night. As soon as he was up, therefore, he express'd a great Desire to go and see his Uncle, and begg'd of her Majesty to permit him. Alas! my dear *Beder*, cry'd the Queen, are you then already tir'd, I will not say with the Pleasures of so superfine a Palace as mine is, but with the Company of a Queen, who loves you so passionately as I do?

Great Queen! answer'd King *Beder*, how can I be tir'd with so many Favours and Graces, as your Majesty perpetually heaps upon me? Very far from that; I desire this Permission, Madam, purely to go and give my Uncle an Account of the mighty Obligations I have to your Majesty. I must own likewise, 'tis partly in this Respect, tho' my Uncle loving me so tenderly, as 'tis very well known he does, and I having been from him now forty Days, without so much as once seeing him, he will be sure take it very unkindly, if I cannot afford him one Visit. Go, said the Queen, I consent to it; but you will not be long before you return, if you consider I cannot

possibly live without you. This said, she order'd him a fine Horse richly caparison'd and so he departed.

Old *Abdallah* was overjoy'd to see his dear adopted Son again, infomuch that, without Regard to his Quality, he embrac'd him heartily, and King *Beder* return'd the like, that no Body might doubt but that he was his Nephew. As soon as they were set down, Well, said *Abdallah* to the King, how do you do, Sir? and how have you pass'd your Time with that Infidel Sorceress.

Hitherto, answer'd King *Beder*, I must needs own, she has been extraordinary kind to me, and has done all she could to persuade me that she loves me intirely; but I observ'd something last Night, which gives me just Reason to suspect, that all her Kindness hitherto is but Dissimulation. Whilst she thought me asleep, altho' I was really awake, she stole from me with a great deal of Precaution, which made me to suspect her Intention, and therefore I resolv'd to watch her. Going on with his Discourse, he related to *Abdallah* how, and after what manner he had seen her make the Cake; and then added, Hitherto, said he, I must needs confess I had almost forgot, not only you, but all the Advice you gave me concerning the Wickedness of this Queen. But this last Action of hers gives me Reason to fear, she neither intends to observe any of her Oaths or Promises. I thought of you immediately, and I esteem my self happy, in that I have obtain'd Permission to come to you.

You are not deceiv'd in this wicked Queen, reply'd old *Abdallah* with a Smile, to show he did not himself believe she would observe one Word she ipoke, or Oath she made; nothing is capable to oblige a perfidious Woman to mend her Morals. But fear nothing, I have a way to make the Mischief, she intends you, fall upon her self. You are become jealous in time; and you could not have done better than this, to have Recourse to me. It is her ordinary Practice to keep her Lovers only forty Days; and after that time, instead of sending them home, to turn them into Animals, to stock her Forests and Parks; but I thought of Measures Yesterday to prevent her doing any Harm. The Earth has born this Monster long enough, and it is now high Time she should be serv'd as she deserves.

So saying, *Abdallah* put two Cakes into King *Beder's* Hands, bidding him keep them to make use of as he should direct. You told me, continu'd he, the Sorcerers made a Cake last Night; it was for you to eat of, depend upon it; but take great Care you do not touch it. Nevertheless, do not refuse to receive it, when she offers it you; but instead of tasting it, break off Part of one of the two I shall give you, unobserv'd, and eat that. As soon as she thinks you have swallow'd it, she will not fail to attempt transforming you into some Animal, but she shall not succeed; which when she sees, she'll immediately turn the Thing to Pleasantry, as if what she had done was only to frighten you; but she will conceal a mortal Aversion in her Heart, and think her having fail'd, proceeded only from the want of something in the Composition of her Cake. As for the Cake she made, and which she will not know to be her own, you shall make a Present of it to her, and press her to eat it; which she will not refuse to do, if it were only to convince you, she does not mistrust you, tho' she has given you so much Reason to mistrust her. When she has quite eat it, take a little Water in the Hollow of your Hand, and throwing it in her Face, say, Quit that Form you now wear and take that of such or such an Animal, as you shall think fit; which done, come to me with the Animal, and I'll tell you what you shall do afterwards.

King *Beder* made all possible Acknowledgments to o'd *Abdallah*, for the great Obligations he had to him; for defending him from the Wiles of a pestilent Sorcerer's, who sought to ruin him; and after some little Discourse he took his Leave of him, and return'd to the Palace. Upon his Arrival, he understood that the Queen waited for him with great Impatience in the Garden. He went to pay his Respects to her, and she no sooner perceiv'd him, but she came in great Haste to meet him. My dear *Beder*! said she, it is said, with a great deal of Reason, that nothing moves more the Force and Excess of Love, than Absence from the Object belov'd. I have had no quiet since I saw you, and the Minutes I have been separated from you, have seem'd so many Ages: Nay, if you have staid ever so little longer, I was preparing to come and fetch you once more to my Arms.

Madam, reply'd King *Beder*. I can assure your Majesty, I have not been under less Disquiets on your Account; but I could not refuse to stay a little longer than ordinary with an Uncle that lov'd me so dearly, and had not seen me for so long a while. He would have kept me still longer, but I tore my self away from him, to come and pay my Vows where they are so much due. Of all the Collations he prepar'd for me, I have only brought away this Cake, which I desire your Majesty to accept. King *Beder*, who had wrapp'd up one of the two Cakes in a Handkerchief, very neatly took it out, and presented it to the Queen, saying, I beg your Majesty to accept of it, tho' it be so inconsiderable a Present.

I do accept it with all my Heart, reply'd the Queen, receiving it, and will eat it chearfully for yours and your good Uncle's Sake; but before I taste of it, I desire you will eat a piece of mine, which I have made for you during your Absence. Fair Queen, answer'd King *Beder*, receiving it with great Respect, such Hands as your Majesty's can never make any thing but what is excellent, and the Favour hereby done me, will exact an eternal Acknowledgment.

King *Beder* then substituted in the Place of the Queen's Cake, the other which old *Abdallah* had given him, and having broken off a Piece, he put it to his Mouth, and cry'd, while he was eating, Ah! Queen, I never tasted any thing so charming in my Life. They being near a Cascade, the Sorceress seeing him swallow one Bit of the Cake, and ready to eat another, she took a little Water in the Palm of her Hand, and throwing it in the King's Face, said, *Wretch! quit that Form of a Man thou bear'st, and take that of a vile Horse, Lame and Blind.*

These Words not having the desir'd Effect, the Sorceress was strangely surpriz'd to find King *Beder* still in the same Form, and that he only started, being a little frightened. Blushes came suddenly into her Cheeks; and as she saw that she had miss'd her Aim, Dear *Beder*, crys she, this is nothing, recover thy self. I did not intend thee any Harm; what I did, was only to see what thou wouldst say. I should be the most miserable and execrable of Women, should I attempt ought against thy Tranquillity; I do not only say, after all the Oaths I have made to the

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contrary; but even after so many Testimonies of Love as I have given thee.

Puissant Queen, reply'd King *Beder*, however well satisfi'd I were, that what your Majesty did was only to divert your self, yet I could not help being a little frightned with the Surprize. Also what could hinder me from being a little mov'd at the pronouncing of such terrible Words, as are capable of making so strange a Transformation. But, Madam, continu'd he, let us set aside this Discourse, and since I have eat of your Cake, I desire you would do me the like Favour, by tasting of mine.

Queen *Labe*, who could no better justify her self, than by putting this Confidence in the King of *Persia*, broke off a Piece of his Cake, and eat it; which she had no sooner done, but she appear'd much troubled, and remain'd as it were motionless. King *Beder* seeing his Time, took Water out of the same Basin she had done, and throwing it in her Face, cry'd, *Abominable Sorceress! quit that Form of a Woman, and beturn'd instantly into a Mare.*

The same Instant Queen *Labe* was transform'd into a very beautiful Mare; and she was so concern'd to find her self in that Condition, that she shed Tears in great Abundance, which perhaps no Mare before had ever been known to do. She bow'd her Head with great Observance to King *Beder*, thinking to move him to Compassion; but tho' he could have been so mov'd, it was absolutely out of his Power to repair the Damage he had done her. He led her then into the Stable belonging to the Palace, and put her into the Hands of a Groom, to bridle and saddle; but of all the Bridles he try'd upon her, not one would fit her. This made him cause two Horses to be saddled, one for the Groom, and the other for himself; and the Groom led the Mare after him to old *Abdallah's*.

Abdallah seeing King *Beder* coming, with the Mare at a Distance, doubted not but he had done what he advis'd him. Curs'd Sorceress! said he immediately to himself, very joyfully, Heaven has at length punish'd thee as thou deserv'st. King *Beder* alighted at *Abdallah's* Door and enter'd with him into the Shop, embracing and thanking him for all the signal Services he had done him. He related to him the whole Matter, with all its Circumstances, and moreover told him, he could find no Bridle fit for the

Mare. *Abdallah* found one that fitted exactly, and as soon as King *Beder* had sent back the Groom, he said to him, my Lord you have no Reason to stay any longer in this City, take the Mare, mount her, and return to your Kingdom. I have but one Thing more to recommend to you; and that is, if you should ever happen to part with the Mare, be sure to deliver her Bridle. King *Beder* promis'd to observe all his Commands, and this especially; and so having taken leave of the good old Man, he departed.

The young King of *Persia* no sooner got out of the City, but he began to reflect on his Deliverance he had, and to rejoice he had the Sorceress in his Power, who had given him so much Cause to tremble. Three Days after he arriv'd at a great City, where entering the Suburbs he met a venerable old Man, walking on Foot towards a Pleasure House he had hard by: Sir, said the old Man to him, stopping, may I presume to ask, from what Part of the World you come? The King stopp'd to satisfy him, and as they were discoursing together, an old Woman chanc'd to come by, who stopping likewise, wept and sigh'd bitterly, at the Sight of the Mare.

King *Beder* and the old Man left off discoursing, to look on the old Woman, whom the King ask'd, what cause she had to lament so much? Alas! Sir, reply'd she, it is because your Mare resembles so perfectly one my Son had, and which I still mourn the Loss of on his account, and should think yours were the same, did I not know she was dead. Sell her to me, I beseech you, I will give you even more than she is worth, for the sake of the Person that once own'd her Likeness.

Good Woman, reply'd King *Beder*, I am heartily sorry I cannot comply with your Request: My Mare is not to be sold, Alas! Sir, continu'd the old Woman, do not refuse me this Favour, for the Love of God. I conjure you to it out of pure Charity, since my Son and I shall certainly die with Grief, if you do not grant it. Good Mother, reply'd the King, I would grant it with all my Heart, if I was dispos'd to part with so good a Beast; but if I were so dispos'd, I believe you would hardly give a thousand Pieces of Gold for her, which is the lowest Price I shall ever put upon her. Why should I not give so much, reply'd the

the old Woman? if that be the lowest Price, you need only say, you'll take it, and I'll fetch you the Money.

King *Beder* seeing the old Woman so poorly dress'd could not imagine she could find the Money: therefore to try her, he said, not thinking to part with his Mare for all that, Go, fetch me the Money, and the Mare is yours. The old Woman immediately unloos'd a Purse she had fasten'd to her Girdle, and desiring him to alight, bid him tell over the Money, and in case he found it came short of the Sum demanded, she said her House was not far off, and she could quickly fetch the rest.

The Surprize King *Beder* was in at the sight of this Purse, was not small. Good Woman, said he, do you not perceive I have banter'd you all this while. I'll assure you my Mare is not to be sold.

The old Man, who had been Witness to all was said, now began to speak; Son quoth he, to King *Beder*, 'tis necessary you should know one thing, which I find you are ignorant of; and that is, that in this City it is not permitted any one to lye on any account whatsoever, and that on the Pain of Death. Now you having made this Bargain with this old Woman, you must not refuse taking her Money, and delivering your Mare according to the Agreement; and this you had better do without any Noise, than expose your self to what may ensue.

King *Beder*, sorely afflicted to find himself thus trapped by his rash Proffer, was nevertheless forc'd to alight, and perform his Agreement. The old Woman stood ready to seize the Bridle, which when she had done, she immediately unbridled the Mare, and taking some Water in her Hand, from a Spring that ran in the middle of the Street, and threw it in the Mare's Face, uttering these Words, *Daughter, quit that bestial Form, and re-assume thy own.* The Transformation was effected in a Moment, and King *Beder*, who swoon'd as soon as he saw *Queen Labe* appear, was falling to the Ground, if the old Man had not hinder'd him.

The old Woman, who was Mother to *Queen Labe*, and had instructed her in all her Magick, had no sooner embrac'd her Daughter, but in an instant, she by whistling, caus'd a *Genie* to rise, of a Gigantick Form and Stature. This *Genie* immediately took King *Beder* on one Shoul-

der, and the old Woman, with the Magick Queen on the other, and transported them in a few Minutes to the Palace of *Queen Labe*, in the *City of Enchantments*.

The Magick Queen immediately fell upon King *Beder* reproaching him grievously, in the following manner: Is it thus, ungrateful Wretch! that thy unworthy Uncle and thou mak'st me amends for all the Kindnesses I have done for you. I shall soon be able to make you both feel what you so well deserve. She said no more, but taking Water in her Hand, threw it in his Face, with these Words, *Come out of that Form, and take that of a vile Owl*. These Words were soon follow'd by the Effect, and immediately she commanded one of her Women to shut up the Owl in a Cage, and gave him neither Meat nor Drink.

The Woman took the Cage, and without regarding what the Queen order'd, gave him both Meat and Drink. And being old *Abdallah's* Friend, she sent him word privately how the Queen had treated his Nephew, and what Design she had to destroy both him and King *Beder*, in case he did not take timely Measures to prevent it.

Abdallah knew no common measures would do with *Queen Labe*. He therefore did but whistle after a certain manner, and there immediately arose a vast Giant, with four Wings, who presenting himself before him, ask'd what he would have with him? *Lightning*, said *Abdallah* to him, for so was this *Genie's* Name) I command you to preserve the Life of King *Beder*, Son of *Queen Gulnare*. Go to the Palace of the Magick Queen, and transport immediately to the Capital of *Persia*, the compassionate Woman who has the Cage in Custody, to the end she may inform *Queen Gulnare* of the Danger the King her Son is in, and the occasion he has of her Assistance. Take care not to fright her, when you come before her, and acquaint her from me what she ought to do.

Lightning immediately disappear'd, and got in an instant to the Palace of the Magick Queen. He instructed the Woman, lifted her up into the Air, and transported her to the Capital of *Persia*, where he plac'd her on the Terrace of the Apartment, where *Queen Gulnare* was. She went down Stairs to the Apartment, and she there found *Queen Gulnare*, and *Queen Farasche*, lamenting their mutual Misfortunes. She made them a profound Reverence,

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and by the Relation she gave them, they soon came to understand the great Necessity King *Beder* was in of their Assistance.

Queen *Gulnare* was so overjoy'd at this News, that rising from her Seat, she went and embrac'd the good Woman, telling her how much she was oblig'd to her for the Service she had done her.

Then going immediately out, she commanded the Trumpets to sound and the Drums to beat to acquaint the City, that the King of *Persia* would suddenly return safe to his Kingdom. She then went in again, and found King *Saleh* her Brother, whom *Ferasche* had caus'd to come speedily thither, by a certain Famigation. Brother, said she to him, the King your Nephew, and my dear Son, is in the City of *Enchantments*, under the Power of Queen *Labe*. Both you and I must see what we can do to deliver him, for there's no Time to be lost.

King *Saleh* forthwith assembled a puissant Body of Sea-Troops, and even call'd to his Assistance the *Genies* his Allies, who appear'd with a much more numerous Army. As soon as the two Armies were join'd, he put himself at the Head of them, together with Queen *Ferasche*, Queen *Gulnare*, and the Princesses, who would all have their Share in this Glorious Action. They then lifted themselves up into the Air, and soon pour'd down on the Palace and City of *Enchantments*, where the Magick Queen, her Mother, and all the other *Adorers of Fire*, were destroy'd in an Instant.

Queen *Gulnare* had order'd the Woman who brought her the News of Queen *Labe*'s transforming and imprisoning her Son, to follow her close; and bid her, in the hurly burly, take no other Care, than to go and seize the Cage, and bring it to her. She did as she was order'd; and Queen *Gulnare* was no sooner in Possession of the Cage, but she open'd it, and took the Owl out, saying, after she had sprinkled a little Water upon him, *My dear Son, quit that foreign Form has been given thee, and resume thy natural one of a Man.*

In a Moment Queen *Gulnare* no more saw the hideous Owl, but King *Beder* her Son instead of him. She immediately embrac'd him with that Excess of Joy, that is better express'd by Actions than Words. She could not
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find her Heart to let him go; and if he had not been in a manner torn from her by Queen *Ferasche*, who had a Mind to embrace him in her turn, for ought I know, they might not have parted till now, so great Queen *Gulnare's* Affection was for him. After the Queen his Grandmother had done with him, he was likewise embrac'd by the King his Uncle, and the Princesses his Relations.

The next Care Queen *Gulnare* had, was to look out for old *Abdallah*, to whom she had been oblig'd for Recovery of the King of *Persia*; and who being brought to her, she said to him, My Obligations to you, Sir, have been so great, that there is nothing within my Power but I would freely do for you, as a Token of my Acknowledgment. Do but satisfy me in what I can serve you, and you shall see I will immediately set about it. Great Queen, reply'd *Abdallah*, if the Lady, next to your Majesty, will but consent to the Marriage I offer her, and the King of *Persia* will give me leave to reside at his Court, I will spend the Remainder of my Days in his Service. Then the Queen turn'd towards the Lady, and finding by her Modesty, that she was not against the Match propos'd, she caus'd them to join Hands, and the King of *Persia* and she took Care of their Fortune.

This Marriage occasion'd the King of *Persia* to speak thus, addressing himself to the Queen; Madam, says he, I am heartily glad of this Match, which your Majesty has just made. There remains one more, which I desire you to think of. Queen *Gulnare* did not at first comprehend what Marriage they meant; but after a little considering she said, of yours, you mean, Son: I consent to it with all my Heart. Then turning about, and looking on her Brother's Sea Attendants, and the *Genie's*, who were still present, she said, Go you, and traverse both the Sea and Land, to find out the most lovely and amiable Princess, worthy of the King my Son, and come and bring us word.

Madam, reply'd King *Beder*, 'tis to no purpose for them to take all that Pains. You have, no doubt heard, that I have already given my Heart to the Princess of *Samandal*, upon the bare Relation of her Beauty. I have seen her, and do not repent of the Present I then made her. In a Word, Neither Earth, nor Sea, in my Opinion, can furnish a Princess any thing like her. 'Tis true, upon my

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declaring my Love to her, she us'd me after a rate that would have extinguish'd any Flame less fierce than mine. But hold her excus'd; for, after a rigorous Treatment, and Imprisoning of the King, her Father, which I was, in some measure, the Cause of, how could she use me more civilly! But, it may be, the King of *Samandal* may have chang'd his Resolution; and his Daughter the Princess may consent to love me, when she sees her Father has agreed to it.

Son, reply'd Queen *Gulnare*, if only the Princess *Giauhara* can make you happy in this World, I shall not make it my Business to oppose you. The King your Uncle need only have the King of *Samandal* brought, and we shall see whether he be still of the same untractable Temper.

How strictly soever the King of *Samandal* had been kept during his Captivity, by King *Saleh's* Orders, yet he had always had great Respect shown him, and was become very familiar with the Officers that guarded him. In order to bring him, King *Saleh* caus'd a Chaffing-Dish of Coals to be brought, into which he threw a certain Composition, uttering at the same time some mysterious Words. As soon as the Smoak began to arise, the Palace shook, and immediately the King of *Samandal*, with King *Saleh's* Officers, appear'd. The King of *Persia* cast himself at the King of *Samandal's* Feet, and then rising upon one Knee, he said, It is no longer King *Saleh* that demands of your Majesty the Honour of your Alliance for the King of *Persia*. It is the King of *Persia* himself that humbly begs that Boon, and I persuade my self, Your Majesty will never persist in being the Cause of the Death of a King, who can no longer live, than he is in Possession of the adorable Princess *Giauhara*.

The King of *Samandal* did not long suffer the King of *Persia* to remain on his Knees. He took him up, and embracing him, said, I should be very sorry to have contributed in the least towards the Death of a Monarch, who is so worthy to live. If it be true, that so precious a Life cannot be preserv'd, without being in possession of my Daughter; Live, Sir, said he, live happy, she's yours. She has always hitherto been obedient to my Will, and I can't think she'll now oppose it. Speaking these Words, he order'd one of the Officers that King *Saleh* had assign'd him,

go and look for the Princess *Giauhara*, and bring her to him immediately.

The Princess continu'd all this while where the King of *Persia* had left her. The Officer brought her with her Women to attend her. The King of *Samandal* embrac'd her, and said, Daughter, I have provided a Husband for you, it is the King of *Persia* you see there, the most accomplish'd Monarch at this Juncture in the Universe. The Preference he has given you to all other Princesses, obliges us both to make him suitable Acknowledgments.

Sir, reply'd the Princess *Giauhara*, your Majesty well knows, I have never presum'd to disobey your Will in ought: I shall always be ready to obey you; and I hope the King of *Persia* will please to forget the ill Treatment I gave him, and consider it was Duty, not Inclination, that forc'd me to it.

The Nuptials were celebrated in the Palace of the *City of Enchantments*, with so much the greater Solemnity, in that all the Lovers of the Magick Queen, who resum'd their pristine Forms, as soon as ever that Queen ceas'd to live, assisted at them, and came to pay their Acknowledgments to the King of *Persia*, Queen *Gulnare*, and King *Saleh*. They were all either Sons of Kings, or Princesses of extraordinary Merit.

King *Saleh*, at length conducted the King of *Samandal* to his Dominions, and put him once again in Possession of them. The King of *Persia* having what he most desir'd, return'd to his Capital with Queen *Giauhara*, Queen *Gulnare*, Queen *Ferasche* and the Princesses; and Queen *Ferasche* and the Princess continu'd there, till such time as King *Saleh* came to reconduct them to his Kingdom under the Waves of the Sea.

The End of the Seventh Volume.